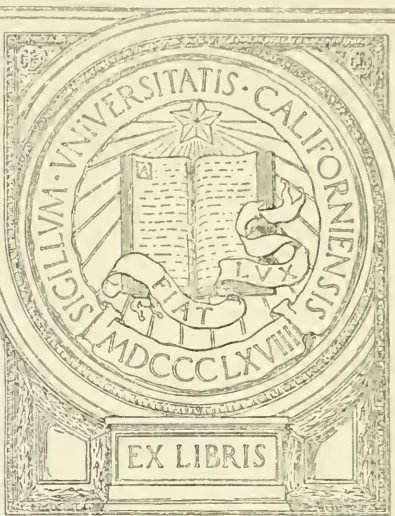




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AMERICAN ADVENTURE

BY

LAND AND SEA

BEING

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF ENTERPRISE AND FOR-
TITUDE AMONG AMERICANS

SHIPWRECKS, ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD,
INDIAN CAPTIVITIES, ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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AMERICAN ADVENTURE

CHAPTER I.

PERILS OF MARITIME ENTERPRISE — DISASTERS TO AMERICAN SHIPPING — WRECK OF THE NOTTING-

IT has been truly remarked that few situations in which man can be placed by misfortune, demand a loftier exhibition of the heroic virtues than shipwreck. The crush of the iceberg — the anguish of frost-bitten limbs — the death-sleep of cold — the weapon of the savage — famine, cannibalism, and disease, may each, of all of them, be marshalled to try the fortitude of the most intrepid, or wither the strength of the hardiest.

Of those maritime nations, whose seamen have been subjected to calamities incident to their vocation, the United States can point to an ex-

traordinary share. Whether the fact be owing to the never-tiring enterprise and hazardous intrepidity of our people, and the rapid extension of our commerce, or to causes not so obvious, it is difficult to say. Certainly for the last forty years, American shipping has been subjected to more numerous disasters than that of any other country. The narratives of these events are full of useful lessons and suggestions both to young and old. They disclose the true nature of the merchant-service at sea, and the labors, privations, and humiliations of the sailor's life. They impress upon the reader the importance of self-reliance, firmness, and courage, in moments of peril and despair. They convey much information in regard to the expedients to be employed in moments of exigency; and they present noble pictures of mental elevation, self-denial, and heroic devotion, which cast a redeeming light upon the darker shades of human character.

In this collection, the compiler has confined himself to those maritime adventures, which have either occurred upon our own coast, or been experienced by our own mariners in other parts of the globe. The materials for the work have been superabundant, and the main difficulty has been the task of selection where so much

has been discovered worthy of attention and preservation.

A vessel called the Nottingham galley, sailed from England for Boston, on the twenty-fifth of September, 1710. She was commanded by Captain Dean; her burden was a hundred and twenty tuns, and she carried ten guns and fourteen men. Having touched at one of the ports of Ireland, it was not till the commencement of December that the ship came in sight of land to the eastward of what is now the coast of Maine. Thence they steered a southerly course, intending to make for Massachusetts bay.

The wind blew hard from the northeast bringing rain and snow, and the weather was so hazy, that for twelve days they could not take an observation. On the eleventh of December they lessened sail, keeping the foresail and maintopsail double-reefed, and looking out sharply ahead. On the same day, toward evening, breakers were discovered, and the captain ordered the helm to the starboard, but before the ship could come round, by some mismanagement she struck on a rock called Boon island, seven leagues east from the mouth of the Piscataqua river.

After the second or third recoil of the vessel, the waves hove her against the side of the rock.

and the motion was so violent, that those on board could scarcely keep their feet. There now seemed no chance of escape, and the prospect of death by the ship's foundering, was alone present to the minds of the crew. Several of them were so struck with fear, that they were unable to move and render assistance, remaining below, as it were conscience-stricken, at the sight of death with unrepented sins. Those who were on deck cut the shrouds on the weather side, and the mast soon went over, from the violence of the sea, on the side toward the rock.

The best mode of escape now seemed to be by the masts, which lay with their ends on the shore. The captain got upon the foremast, clinging fast as every sea came, and then moving on until he was able to reach the rock, upon which he threw himself; but it being slippery he lacerated his hands and arms, in attempting to clamber up. Getting no hold, the sea often took him back again, so that it was not without the utmost difficulty he was saved. The rest of the crew followed the captain's example, and the whole of them ultimately succeeded in gaining the rock, where they returned thanks to God for their escape.

When day dawned, they found that the rock

was only one hundred yards long, by fifty broad, and quite bare, so that there was no place to shield them from the wind and surf. The face of the rock was craggy, and too rough to allow of walking for exercise. Rain and snow continued to fall. Pieces of masts and yards, with some junk and cable, were found floating about, attached to the anchors, and some of the stores, planks, old sails, and canvass had been also thrown on shore. About the quantity of three small cheeses was discovered among the seaweed, but this was all the provision they found. They next tried to make a fire, with a flint and steel, but everything they had being wet, they were unsuccessful. After trying in vain, for ten hours, in every way they could imagine likely to succeed, they were obliged to give over the attempt. At night, having got a sail upon the rock, they crowded close together under it to keep in the heat.

On the following day the weather cleared a little; but the air was frosty. The main land was in view, and known to be Cape Neddock, which encouraged the unfortunate crew with the hope of being seen by some of the fishing vessels, which were accustomed to frequent that place. They collected all the timber they could

find, and also carpenter's tools, that they might begin the construction of a boat. That day the cook complained of hunger; and by noon he was no more. They laid him in a place where the sea would take him off.

In two or three days after they were on the rock, the frost began with great intensity. Their hands and feet became benumbed and nearly useless, and they were so discolored that mortification was apprehended. It was remarked that those who were most active preserved their health best; and this rule will be found to hold good in other places, beside on a desert rock. They now set about building a tent. It was of a triangular figure, about eight feet long, and covered with such sails and old canvass as were washed on shore. It just afforded them room to lie down on one side, so that none could turn unless they turned altogether, which was done every two hours by agreement and signal. They fixed a staff on the top of their tent, on which they hoisted a piece of cloth for a flag, when the weather would allow, to attract notice from any passing vessels.

They also began a boat of the planks, and timber, from the wreck. They had only a saw made of an old cutlass, a hammer, their knives,

and a calking mallet. They found some nails in a cleft of the rock, and got some out of the sheathing of the ship. The bottom consisted of three planks; the sides were formed of two others, fixed to the stancheons, and let into the bottom timbers, and two short pieces at each end. It was calked with oakum from the old junk, and the crevices filled up with long pieces of canvass as well secured as possible.

They had now been a week on this miserable rock, without provisions, except the cheese already mentioned, and some beef-bones, which they ate after beating them to pieces. At length they saw three boats about five leagues off, and their spirits were raised with the hope of deliverance. They **all** crept out of their tent, and shouted as loud as they were able, but in vain. Their signals were unobserved.

On the twenty-first of December, their boat being ready, the day fine, and sea calm, they attempted to reach the shore of the main land. The captain and seven others got their boat into the sea, in which, as the surf ran very high, they were obliged to wade to the middle to launch it. The captain and another having got in, the sea struck, drove it along the shore, and upset it upon them, so that they had a narrow escape

from drowning, while the boat was staved to pieces, to their great dismay, for all hope seemed now extinguished. Their saw and hammer were lost in the boat, so that, if they had wished to construct a raft, they would have found it impossible for want of tools.

But often, what we regard as the worst of misfortunes turns out to be for our advantage; and for the destruction of the boat they were afterward led to be grateful to Heaven; for a storm arose that very afternoon, so severe, that their boat must have gone down in it, had they been out at sea; and those they left behind, unable to help themselves, must have perished. Their situation now became deplorable, indeed. They were nearly all perishing with cold and hunger. The captain alone had any strength left. Their hands and feet had frozen, and had mortified. They had still been unable to make a fire, though the cold was excessive. Two or three muscles a day to each man, and those difficult to get, were all which they could find, except the rockweed, for their support. Their spirits began to sink within them, from apprehension of death by famine. In fact, they might be said to be dying by degrees; and they were reduced to the extremity of despair.

The captain tried to encourage them ; exhorted them to trust in God, and wait their salvation through him. The mate had the good fortune to strike down a gull, which was equally divided, and, though raw, eaten with thankfulness. It did not afford every man more than a mouthful. The captain continued in better health than any of the rest, and was by that means enabled to help them.

They now planned the building of a raft to carry two men. A Swede, who had lost the use of both his feet by the frost, frequently importuned the captain to make the attempt, which it was afterward resolved to carry into effect. The task with their resources was laborious and difficult. At last they succeeded in putting together a raft such as it was. A mast was put up, and a sail formed of two hammocks which had been driven on the rock. A couple of paddles with a spare one were made ; and the next day a slight breeze setting toward the shore, they determined to launch the raft. It soon shared, however, the fate of the boat, and was upset. The Swede swam to the shore, but his companion, who could not swim, sank, and was preserved with difficulty.

The Swede insisted upon another trial, and

was willing to go alone. He said he was sure he should die, but he had great hope he might save his comrades. The captain in vain tried to dissuade him. But though the mast and sail were gone, he said he would rather perish at sea than remain in so horrible a state any longer. Another of the crew now volunteered with him; they got upon the raft and were launched off, begging the prayers of their wretched friends. They were watched until sunset, when they had got about halfway to the shore; but they were never seen or heard of more. It was probable that they were swamped in the breakers; for the raft was found on the shore, and the body of one of them about a mile from it.

In the meanwhile the crew on the rock were anxiously waiting for their deliverance, vainly flattering themselves the raft had reached the shore. To harass and tantalize them yet more, a smoke was seen issuing from the woods, which was agreed on as the signal of their comrades' safety. The smoke continued, and the wretched men were buoyed up with the idea that no vessel could yet be obtained to come off for their relief, and thus hope and expectation being still kept alive, they were enabled to support their sinking bodies a little longer. It is wonderful,

how far, in such circumstances, the existence of hope, and the elation in consequence, will preserve the body. *The desponding always sink the first.* It does not so much depend upon hardihood of frame as cheerfulness of mind that men combat similar calamities. "Hope on — hope ever" should be our motto under the most desperate circumstances.

With provisions, these shipwrecked mariners might have contrived to exist a good while, but the rockweed and a few muscles were still the whole of their food. Water was not scarce — enough being found in the crevices of the rock both from rain and melted snow, but, in the frosty weather, they all preferred ice, which the captain at last carried in lumps, and placed at the side of the tent. The water they drank out of a powder-horn, and handed it to the sick in the same vessel. Part of a green hide being thrown up by the sea, fastened to a piece of the main yard, the men begged it might be brought into the tent, which it was accordingly, minced small, and eaten voraciously.

At the end of December, the carpenter, a heavy, plethoric man, forty-seven years of age, of a dull disposition, complained of excessive

pain in the back and stiffness in the neck. His comrades prayed over him, and tried to be serviceable, but he died that night. The body remained in the tent; and, in the desperation of their sufferings, the men retained it to appease their hunger. It seems truly dreadful that under any circumstances a human being can have recourse to so horrible a means for prolonging life; but in this instance the lawfulness of the act was merged in the necessity. The captain was obliged to perform the horrible task of separating the flesh and washing it. The crew were so ravenous, that he was forced to carry it some distance from the tent to an elevated crag, where they could not reach, to prevent their overloading their stomachs, and to make the stock of loathsome food hold out as long as possible.

The native disposition of the poor sufferers seemed changed. Their temper, affectionate and peaceable before, was wholly lost. Their eyes were wild and fixed, the expression of their features savage and even barbarous. They would obey no order from the captain. Prayers and entreaties produced no effect upon them. Angry words and quarrels took the place of the resignation they had before shown.

The raft which had been driven upon the main shore at length proved the means of their deliverance, and the poor Swede's hope was fulfilled. Being seen by the people on the coast where it had been stranded, they set sail on the second of January in search of the wreck, toward the place whence they supposed it had come. The captain, looking out of the tent, saw a boat approaching the rock about halfway from the main land. The joy of the sufferers may be conceived. A man landed by means of a canoe. His astonishment at the meager appearance of the captain was such he could hardly speak. Entering the tent, he was equally surprised to see the dreadful condition to which the crew were reduced. The ghastly faces within told a frightful story of their sufferings wasted as they were to skeletons.

Materials for a fire being brought by the stranger, they attempted to kindle one, and succeeded with some difficulty. The man in the canoe, having after several attempts got off, rejoined his friends, and the boat stood for the shore without them. It is remarkable that they had great difficulty in getting back, having lost their boat, and with hazard escaped to the shore alive. Thus, had the crew of the Nottingham

been with them, from their weak state they must have perished.

Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, it was nearly two days before those on the main land could come to the rescue of these unfortunate men. At length, in the morning, the report of a musket was heard, and on looking, a boat was seen approaching the rock. It contained two seafaring friends of the captain, and three men: they had also a large canoe, and, in two hours, got all the sufferers on board. They were obliged to carry almost all of them on their backs to the canoe, and take them from the rock two and three at a time to the boat. When in the boat, a bit of bread and a glass of wine were given to each of them. They soon became extremely seasick; but, after they had tasted warm, nourishing food, they were so hungry and ravenous, that, had they not been restrained by the care of their friends, who stinted them in their diet, they must have destroyed themselves.

They found that two other vessels had also set sail to take them off the rock. It was almost eight o'clock in the evening when they got on shore. The greatest care was taken of the men, and nurses and surgeons found for them without expense. Two gentlemen, John Plaisted, Esq.,

and a Captain Wentworth, are said to have been foremost in their beneficence toward the sufferers.

One of the crew lost a part of his foot after getting on shore. The rest preserved their limbs, but did not recover their perfect use. Most of them lost toes, or fingers, though, in other respects, they recovered their health. After their convalescence, the crew dispersed. The mate and two or three others returned to England. Captain Dean died British consul for the ports of Flanders at Ostend, in the year 1761.

CHAPTER II

LOSS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, 1780.

THE ice, occasionally, sets in very early in the river St. Lawrence, and when that is the case, the navigation is rendered more dangerous. The St. Lawrence, a brig bound to New York, sailed from the basin of Quebec on the seventeenth of November, 1780, with several British officers on board. One of these was Ensign Prenties of the 84th regiment, being charged with despatches to Sir Henry Clinton. The ship the same day, went down to a harbor, called St. Patrick's Hole. Another vessel was in company, a schooner, having a duplicate of the despatches for New York.

On the twenty-sixth of the month, the St. Lawrence and the consort reached the Brandy Pot islands, about forty leagues below Quebec, where they were obliged to cast anchor. The

weather was very cold, and the St. Lawrence so leaky as to require a pump to be constantly kept going. As soon as they could proceed on their voyage they set sail again, and soon made the Island of Anticosti, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Here the wind set in contrary. The leaks increased. The seamen were not expert; and the master was constantly intoxicated in his cabin.

The wind being to the westward on the twenty-eighth, they sailed down the gulf with two feet water on board. The wind increased until it blew a gale. On the first of December, the crew, overcome with fatigue and the severity of the cold, refused to work any longer at the pumps; but by giving them a pint of wine each man, Ensign Prenties at length persuaded them to return to their duty. The gale increased, however, and the leak gained upon them.

The vessel which had set sail at the same time with the St. Lawrence was even more unfortunate than that ship, having struck on a rock at the Island of Coudres, from the carelessness of the pilot. Heavy snow fell, and it was with the utmost difficulty the ships could keep in sight of each other. A gun was fired every half hour, lest they should part company. At length no

answer came from the schooner. She had gone down with every person on board.

The mate of the St. Lawrence now judged that they were not far from the Magdalen islands, which lie in the middle of the gulf of St. Lawrence. These are mostly a cluster of rocks, many of which are under water, and very dangerous to navigation.

The gale still continued, and on the fifth of December, the sea struck the ship's quarter, stove in the dead lights, filled the cabin, and washed the master out of bed, where he had skulked ever since the commencement of the storm. It was now discovered that the shock was of a most serious nature, for the sternposts had been started by the violence of the sea, and the leaks increased. It was in vain they attempted to stop them with beef, cut into small pieces; the water poured in faster than it had ever done before. The crew, finding their labor ineffectual, abandoned the ship to its fate in despair, and would pump no longer. They steered directly before the wind to prevent over-setting, though there was difficulty in doing this, because the sea washed clear over the decks. The man at the helm was made fast with a rope

to prevent his being carried overboard. In this way they drove on before the gale.

The vessel was every moment expected to strike. There was small hope of any of the lives of those on board being saved, and all prepared for the worst. Mr. Prenties fastened his despatches and letters round his waist. His servant took a hundred and fifty guineas, which his master told him he might have if he pleased, and which he fortunately secured about his person. The atmosphere became clearer about one o'clock in the day, and the land was descried at three leagues distance. As the ship made toward the shore, every heart beat quick, and then palpitated with fear, as the sea was observed breaking high in foam upon the rocks, a scene appalling to the stoutest heart. On through the boiling breakers sped the ship. She surmounted the reef without touching, and the first great danger seemed past.

They had now a pause of a moment to cast their eyes toward the shore. The land seemed rocky and high, but at the distance of about a mile they descried a fine sandy beach with a bold shore. The ship struck within fifty or sixty yards of the land, and with such violence that all expected she would go to pieces. The rud-

der was unshipped with such violence, that one sailor was almost killed by it. At length the sea carried the ship so high upon the beach, that the deck might be securely walked upon. It was probable that the boards frozen together in the hold prevented the vessel from immediately going to pieces.

The boat being got out, the mate, two sailors, Mr. Prenties's servant, a passenger, and a boy, were all who would join in the experiment of landing in her. The foam of the surf broke over them every moment, and every drop of water froze as it fell, so that their clothes were one sheet of ice. Mr. Prenties, his servant, and the mate leaped into the boat. The boy in trying to spring down fell into the sea, and was dragged out with difficulty, owing to the benumbed state of their fingers. The chill given to the poor little fellow was eventually fatal. The two sailors next leaped in, and then all in the ship seemed ready to follow the example. It was necessary, therefore, to push off as quickly as possible, lest too many should rush in and sink them. The ship was only about forty yards from the shore, but before the boat was half way there, a wave overtook and nearly swamped it; but the next drove it high and dry on the sand.

For a few moments joy was in every heart, soon, alas! to be effaced by a different emotion.

The gale was high, and the cold intense. They struggled waist deep in snow to the shelter of wood some two hundred and fifty yards from the beach. Here they endeavored to light a fire, but the tinder was too wet to ignite. Mr Prenties, who had been used to cold climates recommended his companions to move about and exercise in order to preserve their vital warmth; but the poor youth who had fallen into the sea found himself so overcome with the cold, that he lay down. In half an hour, the desire to sleep was felt by them all, but resisted by Mr Prenties, and the mate, from a conviction of the fatal consequences attending it. The boy was soon found quite cold, but not dead. He desired that his father, at New York, might be written to and informed of his fate; and in ten minutes was dead, having apparently expired without pain.

The knowledge of the lad's death did not deter the servant of Mr. Prenties and the two sailors from lying down to sleep also, in the teeth of the most urgent remonstrances, and exhortations. Finding they could not be kept on their legs Mr. Prenties and the mate employed

themselves during the night in beating them constantly with branches of trees. This saved their lives beside giving himself and the mate something to do. In the morning, however, it was found that the legs of those who had lain down were frozen half way up. They were rubbed with snow, but it was impossible to bring back the circulation.

On going to the beach, they found that the ship still held together, though the storm continued. The people who had remained in the ship, all except the carpenter, who was drunk, were landed without much difficulty. The captain brought ashore materials for obtaining a light. Wood was gathered, and a fire kindled. But on approaching the flames, those men who had been frozen experienced the most torturing pains from the thawing of the hardened flesh. The next day the carpenter was landed, but it was found that one man, named Green, who had fallen asleep in the ship was frozen to death.

For two days more, the seventh and eighth, the wind blew as hard and piercing as ever, and the vessel broke up. Some provisions were now washed on shore, consisting of salt beef and fresh meat with some onions. The number of

the wrecked was now seventeen, and, out of all, the mate and Mr. Prenties alone were capable of exerting themselves actively. A quantity of deals having floated ashore, they were carried into the woods, and a sort of tent, about twenty feet long by ten wide was constructed. Although they were pretty well off for provisions, it was resolved to put themselves upon short allowance; and a quarter of a pound of beef and four onions were all that could be afforded daily to each man.

The gale abated on the eleventh of December, and they launched their boat and got upon the wreck. It cost a day's labor to open the hatches, as they had but one axe, and the cables were frozen over them into a mass of ice. The following day, by cutting up the deck, they got out two casks of onions and a barrel of beef. They also found three barrels of balsam of Canada, a quarter of a cask of potatoes, a bottle of oil, an axe, a large iron pot, two camp kettles, and twelve pounds of candles. These they stowed away in their hut.

The sufferings of those who had been frozen now became extreme. The carpenter died delirious on the fourteenth, having lost the greater part of his feet. In three days more, the second

mate died, who likewise became delirious some time before he expired. Another seaman died on the twentieth. They were now fifteen ; and Mr. Prenties was the only one who escaped without being frostbitten.

After being twenty days in this forlorn situation they began to give up all hope of aid from any quarter. They had searched the surrounding country without avail. Having now but six weeks' provisions left, Mr. Prenties proposed taking the boat, to search for inhabitants, or for some kind of relief, even from the Indian population of the country. The proposal was agreed to, but the difficulty was to put the boat in a proper state of repair. Dry oakum they possessed, but no pitch. At length it occurred to them, that the Canada balsam might be serviceable. They boiled it down in an iron kettle, and, suffering it to cool, made it answer.

On new-year's day the boat was put afloat. Six persons embarked : Mr. Prenties and servant, the captain and mate, and two sailors. None of the rest were able to join in the expedition. Their shoes being nearly worn out, Mr. Prenties set to work to make shoes of canvass ; his needle was the handle of a pewter spoon ; and the canvass, unravelled, supplied the thread. Twelve

pairs were thus fabricated; two pairs for every individual. They now divided their provisions—those in the boat and those left behind sharing alike.

On the fourth of January the little party embarked. They had not proceeded eight miles when the wind began to blow off the shore. By great toil they got into a bay, and hauled up their boat as high as they could on the strand. They then cut wood to make a sort of wigwam to shelter them. Near this place they saw, from a high point of land, a Newfoundland fishing-boat, half covered with sand. This caused them to proceed further, and they spied, to their great joy, some houses at a distance. On reaching them they were found to be merely old abandoned storehouses, built for curing fish. Some casks, which lay near, they searched in vain for provisions. They got a quart of cranberries, which they ate.

The wind now blew from the northwest with great violence for two days. By land they could not travel for want of snowshoes, as the snow lay in great depth. On the eleventh they launched their boat, and made a tolerable course until they saw a very high point before them, which they estimated at a distance of seven

leagues. The coast appeared one continued precipice, so that it was impossible to effect a landing until they reached the extreme point of the cape. This they effected about eleven o'clock at night, but could find no place to land until two in the morning. They got out their provisions, but, owing to the steepness of the shore, were obliged to leave their boat to the mercy of the ocean. The beach was about four hundred yards long, and bounded at no great distance from the sea by a precipice a hundred feet high, which completely enclosed it, and prevented their seeking a shelter in the woods.

On the thirteenth, the boat was driven by the gale higher on the shore, and holes forced in her bottom. The sufferers had little covering and no firewood save a few sticks, so that they were nearly frozen. The snow fell in prodigious masses. Weak as they were, they were still able to turn their boat partly over to see the extent of the injury she had sustained. They found the balsam quite rubbed off, and holes in the bottom. After trying many modes of repairing them, they at length thought of filling these holes with oakum, and throwing water upon it sufficient to freeze. The scheme suc-

ceeded. As long as the weather continued to freeze the boat would be dry.

It was not till the twenty-seventh that they again left the shore on their forlorn voyage. In the evening of that day they computed they had rowed about twelve miles. Greatly fatigued, they landed on a small, sandy beach, and made a fire. Their tinder was now nearly gone, but Mr. Prenties cut away part of the back of his shirt, and made a fresh supply.

Rain came on the next day, and melted the ice in the boat, so that they were detained until the frost returned. Thus they lost a fine day, and their remaining provisions were no more than two pounds and a half to each man. On the twenty-ninth, the mate discovered a partridge perched upon a tree. This they caught with a pole and a noose with such facility as to provoke a smile, which had not been seen on their faces before since the shipwreck. They boiled the bird, adding a little salt water to the snow for a relish, and made some broth, which they found delicious. They had nothing else that could be used for food except a few cranberries.

Having stopped the boat's leaks as before, they proceeded about seven miles. The next day they had made six miles, when the wind

rising forced them on shore, and the rain falling again, melted the ice-covered holes in their boat. The snow in the woods would not bear their weight.

On the first of February, they made their boat seaworthy as before, but the cold and the floating ice prevented their making more than five miles all day. One man was continually employed in breaking the ice with a pole. They at length saw a very high point of land, which they judged to be six leagues off, and soon after an island which they imagined must be that of St. Paul, near Cape Breton, while the high land they thought was the cape itself. The great height of the latter made them compute its distance erroneously, and it was dark when they reached it. Finding no landing-place, they were obliged to remain at their oars all night.

Early the next morning they landed on the beach, and kindled a fire, Mr. Prenties having secured the tinder-box in his bosom to keep it dry. They were so fatigued they could scarcely keep awake for a few minutes, when before the fire. They watched in turn, for, had all fallen asleep together, the sleep would have been their last. They were now all satisfied that they had doubled the north cape of Cape Breton.

Their provisions were nearly consumed, and they were in despair. They began to contemplate the necessity of sacrificing one of their number for the sustenance of the remainder. A few *hips* of wild rose-buds, which they discovered under the snow, were all they could obtain to allay their hunger.

They now pushed off their boat once more, but the ice soon forced them to land on another part of the same beach. In landing Mr. Prenties unfortunately dropped the tinder-box into the water, which prevented their kindling a fire, and they began to suffer from the cold. They, therefore, re-embarked, returned to the place whence they had last started, and there happily found a few embers alive. Had not this been the case they must have perished in the course of the night from the severity of the cold.

They embarked again on the eighth of February, and in the evening landed at a spot where they were sheltered from the wind by a large rock. The next day they sailed eight miles, but in landing lost two of their oars. They found some rose-buds, which helped to satisfy their hunger. They saw some others on the ice, but were unable to catch any. They also saw some beavers' houses, but could not succeed in taking

any of their inhabitants. On the thirteenth, they suffered so severely for want of food, that they were compelled to sacrifice the candles, which they had reserved for stopping the leaks of their boat, to the calls of hunger. To Mr. Prenties the expected approach of death was not so terrible as the reflection that his friends would never know his wretched fate. He cut his name on the bark of trees, and had written the story of his wreck in French and Spanish on the walls of the old storehouses.

On the twentieth they found themselves on a dry sandy beach, where their boat had been driven up with such force, that, had they been inclined, they could not again have put to sea. They were excessively weak, and felt they could not survive much longer. They had not strength to use the axe to cut wood, and were obliged to creep about and pick up the rotten branches from the ground to feed their fire. They boiled some seaweed with their two remaining candles and ate it, but it produced vomiting, which exhausted them still farther. On the twenty-second they took more kelp-weed, and their last candle. This food made them swell to an alarming degree, after living upon it for three days; and they were almost blind. It was secretly resolved that if it

were necessary to make one of their number a sacrifice to the wants of the others, the captain should be the first victim.

A few days more and this horrible alternative must have been adopted, when fortunately, on the twenty-eighth of February, as they were all stretched round their miserable fire, they heard the sound of voices in the wood, and two Indians were soon discovered with guns in their hands approaching. The new-comers were much surprised at the sight of human beings in so frightful a state. The clothes of the party were nearly burnt off, and their bodies partly bare; their limbs swollen of a prodigious size; their eyes almost invisible, being sunk beneath the distended skin; and their hair and beards long and matted.

Some of the sufferers wept and some laughed for joy at seeing the Indians, who did not seem inclined to be very familiar, until Mr. Prenties shook one of them by the hand, and the shake was returned very heartily by them in the Indian manner. These kind creatures showed by signs that they pitied the unhappy men. They went to the fire with them, and all sat down together around it.

At the desire of one of the Indians who could

speaking a little French, Mr. Prenties told them whence they had come and what they had suffered. The Indians appeared much affected at the recital. He was then asked if he could give them any food, and he told them he could. With his tomahawk he cut a quantity of wood, flung it on the fire, and taking up his gun, went off with his companion, not speaking a word.

In three hours, the Indians returned in a bark canoe by sea, and landing they took out some smoked venison and a bladder of seal-oil. They then boiled the venison in snow water, but well knowing the effect of allowing men in such a state to eat their fill, they would only give each man a very small quantity with a little oil.

As soon as the repast was over, three of the sufferers embarked with the Indians, being all the canoe could carry, and they proceeded toward the wigwams, which were five miles off, and a mile inland in the middle of the woods. On the beach three other Indians received them, with twelve or thirteen women and children, who were waiting their arrival. The two Indians returned for those who were left behind, and those on the beach conducted the first party to their habitations. These consisted of three wigwams. The sufferers were treated with

much humanity. The Indians gave them broth, but considerably would not suffer them to eat solid food.

In a little time the Indians returned with the remainder of the party. A very old woman, who appeared the mother of the families present, requested Mr. Prenties to give an account of the events of the shipwreck, the Indian who could speak French being the interpreter. The old woman appeared to pity their sufferings very much, and to be deeply affected at some parts of the narrative.

Mr. Prenties and his companions being now safe, began to think of the men left at the wreck. They described the place to the Indians and made a proposition that they should go to their relief, agreeing that they should receive fifty guineas for their labor, twenty-five at setting out, and the same sum on their return. After a fortnight's absence, they returned with three men, the only survivors of eight left in the hut. Five had been found alive on their arrival, but one ate so much food at once that he died in dreadful agonies a short time afterward, and another accidentally shot himself with the gun of one of the Indians. Thus, out of nineteen, originally on board the ship, nine only survived.

By the time another fortnight had passed away, Mr. Prenties set out for Halifax with his servant, two passengers, and two Indians to act as guides. They quitted the wigwams on the second of April, and, after a tedious and harassing journey, reached Halifax on the eighth of May. After being detained for a passage two months, Mr. Prenties at length reached New York, and delivered his despatches to Sir Henry Clinton. The rest of the crew and passengers were safely conducted by the Indians to Spanish river, and soon afterward reached Halifax.

CHAPTER III.

MISFORTUNES OF CAPTAIN NORWOOD.

CAPTAIN NORWOOD was one of the royalist party in the time of Charles I. He agreed with other royalist officers to embark for America; and they fixed upon Virginia for their residence. Captain Norwood was nearly related to Sir William Berkeley, the governor of that colony for the king, of whom it is handed down, that, reporting on the state of things in Virginia, he wrote: "I thank God there are no free schools or printing here, and I hope we shall not have either, these hundred years." What would be his dismay could he now return to earth and see the number of books and free schools which exist in our favored land!

It was in the month of September, 1649, that Captain Norwood and others took their passage in a vessel called the Virginia Merchant, of three hundred tons and thirty guns. They stopped at

Fayal in the Western islands, whence they did not sail till the twenty-second of October. The wind was easterly — a topsail breeze which carried into the tradewind; and they swept along at the rate of fifty or sixty leagues a day, until they made the Bermudas. In this latitude the seas were often stormy. The officer on watch pointed out a waterspout to Norwood, which he seems to have viewed with thankfulness to God's providence, that it did not "hoist the ship out of her own proper element."

The weather was fair until the eighteenth of November. The water was then observed to change color. They hove the lead and found thirty-five fathoms. About break of day the mate, whose name was Putts, aroused the crew by cries of "All hands aloft! breakers! breakers on both quarters!" The seamen sprang to the deck, but on seeing how the ship lay, they desponded and fell on their knees. The captain was equally dismayed; but the mate, who was a stouthearted sailor, called out, "Is there no good fellow who will stand to the helm and let go a sail?"

Of all the crew, only two foremast-men had the courage to obey the mate. One was named Thomas Raisin, the other John Smith. One

went aloft and loosened the foretopsail ; the other stood to the helm, and shifted it at the critical moment, for the ship was in the very act of dashing among the breakers to the starboard. She now fell off manfully. On the larboard bow was another rock ; but the crew, now emboldened by example, went to work and saved her from this new peril.

Daylight showed them the full hazard of their situation. Breakers surrounded them, and the sea was white with the foam of the raging water. There did not seem to be any channel among the rocks ; but Raisin, the man who before displayed so much activity, seized the helm, and afterward hove the lead. The water began to deepen — a channel was found — and at last they got clear of the formidable breakers of Cape Hatteras, and stood out to sea.

No sooner was the ship clear of the rocks and in the offing, than the seamen surveyed one another for a moment in silence and wonder. They shook hands as if they were strangers, or had just risen from the grave, and met they knew not how.

But they had only escaped one danger to get into another. A storm from the northwest now came on to blow with great violence. They

left the land behind them at the rate of eight miles an hour, with the fore-courses only set. In trying to put about the vessel, they met with great difficulty. They shipped several heavy seas, and one broke with such violence aft, that a tun of water at least entered the roundhouse. The noise was like the report of a cannon, as it struck the deck, and put the passengers in terrible fear. The ship was at length got about.

Porpoises in immense numbers were seen. The wind rose higher. The sea was covered with hissing foam. By-and-by a crash was heard aloft. The foretopmast had been carried away. Between twelve and one the following morning, a tremendous sea broke into the ship forward, and so deluged the deck, where Putts, the mate, was walking, that he retired aft with prayers on his tongue. He imagined that the ship was on the point of foundering, and the blow seemed to be a deathstroke to her. She remained a moment stock still with her head in the wave, and then seemed to bore her way through it and free herself. The passengers, men, women, and children, took leave of one another. A melancholy cry was heard throughout the ship, from the apprehension of immediate death. The two cooks were swept over-

board, but one of them was miraculously saved. The mainmast now seemed likely to fall; and Raisin, still the most active fellow on board, ran aloft with an axe to cut away the maintopmast. The danger of the operation was great. He was scarcely on deck, when the mainmast and topmast came down at once, and fell into the sea to windward. The rigging was with difficulty set free, and several sailors were lost overboard in the attempt. The mizenmast was now left, by which alone they could hope to bring about the ship. On the thirteenth of November, they succeeded in effecting this.

The consideration now was how they should make sail. A part of the foremast still remained, and it was necessary that a yard should be fixed to it. The difficulty was to climb the bare and greasy stump, for there was nothing of which to take hold for support in ascending. The ship's crew were at a loss, until Tom Raisin, who was apparently a genius born with great resources, undertook to make the attempt. He selected from the ship's stores half-a-dozen spike-nails. He drove one of them into the mast as high as he could reach. He next took a ten-foot rope, and threaded a block with it, which divided it equally. He then made both ends of

the rope meet in a knot over the spike. The block hanging on the opposite side of the mast served for a stirrup to stand in for driving the next spike, and so on until he was as high as he wished. He was careful to strike with his hammer at the time of the smoothest sea. The sea grew calmer, and they carried sail toward their place of destination.

Both Cape Henry and Cape Hatteras were now in sight, but they were carried by a strong current to windward, against which, owing to their crippled state, they could not struggle successfully. The ship would not lie within eleven or twelve points of the wind, and they were compelled to run from the land which they were so eager to make.

To every person on board there was now only an allowance of half a biscuit, five of which made a pound. Of drink there was none except Malaga wine, which inflamed their thirst. So violent was the gale that they were at least a hundred leagues from the capes before they could settle what should be done. For not less than forty days they were tossed about after they had lost the land. In a week they had run two hundred leagues to the east. They resolved to make any

part of the American coast they could fetch, even if it were as far to leeward as New England.

In the meantime, the famine on board grew more dreadful. The women and children made the ship resound with their cries and complaints. The rats which were caught were all eaten, and the price of one on board was sixteen shillings. One woman offered a man twenty shillings for a rat, which was refused, and the poor creature died.

Captain Norwood says, that the greatest suffering he experienced was from thirst. At night in his slumbers he dreamed of nothing but overflowing cellars and their contents, in which he imagined he was refreshing himself. The captain had a small store of claret in secret, of which he made Norwood a partaker, but it wanted the qualification of water to quench the thirst; notwithstanding which, it was a very great refreshment. In conversing with Norwood, the captain became very gloomy — confessed how much he felt for having been the means of bringing so many into trouble by a false confidence in his ship, and burst into tears at the reflection. Captain Norwood comforted him as well as he could, and recommended that they should rely upon Providence and hope for the best.

Early in January they once more made the land. It seemed about six miles distant. The weather was calm and the sea smooth; and they had twenty-five fathoms of water. They had only one anchor on board, and the cable was too short for the depth. It was agreed that the ship should *lie to*, and a boat be sent off to examine if there was a harbor for anchoring. Twelve or thirteen embarked; and in a short time the boat returned with the tidings of there being a creek where the ship might anchor, and that fresh water was to be had, whereof a bottle was brought to the ship. There were also plenty of fowls observed, which would serve for food.

The captain with Norwood and others now set off to examine the spot. The weather was very cold. As soon as they landed, they rushed to the fresh water, as if it were the most delicious beverage they had ever tasted. They then shot a duck, which was cooked and eaten on the spot. Some oysters also were found and devoured.

The water on the bar of the creek was now sounded by the captain, who seemed satisfied of its depth. When day broke, though he appeared determined to come in and anchor, he still wanted Captain Norwood to go back with him to the ship. The latter replied, that he did

not see any necessity, as the ship herself would so soon be in. Borrowing a coarse cloak of one of the party, Norwood remained behind, and the captain re-embarked.

No sooner had the boat pushed off, than the ship was seen under sail with all canvass spread. The captain found great difficulty in getting on board.

Words cannot paint the anguish and horror of the party left on shore in this unforeseen manner. They were without any food save about thirty biscuits, which one of them had hoarded up. They requested Captain Norwood to be their leader. He divided the biscuits into nineteen portions, being one for each individual. It was now the fifth of January. Each man, who could shoot, was mustered with a fowling-piece ; and powder and shot, which had fortunately been brought on shore, were delivered to each, by which means some geese were killed that day for their supper.

On exploring the spot, whereon they were cast, it was found to be a small island. There were no traces of inhabitants. The prospect of death by starvation now became imminent. The wild fowl, which at first frequented the island, became shy ; oysters were almost the only

article of sustenance, and these were scarce. The endeavors of the party to procure food were unremitting. One morning, Captain Norwood killed a great number of small birds called "oxeyes," which afforded the party a banquet; but these birds soon disappeared, and hunger again pressed upon the sufferers. The spring-tide and heavy rains rendered it more difficult to find oysters. Their guns were out of order, and their powder damp.

There were three weak women among the sufferers. One of them now died, and the remaining two were constrained to feed upon her remains. Four of the men died about the same time, and, horrible to relate, their bodies became the chief subsistence of those who survived. The cold grew intense. With a fire having two or three loads of wood on it, they could not keep warm. On one side even their clothes were scorched, while on the other they were frozen.

Captain Norwood was still in the enjoyment of tolerable health, and he thought of attempting to swim the creek between the island and the main land — the water not being more than a hundred yards across. He collected as many oysters as would fill two quart bottles for his travelling stock.

On the tenth he was ready for the forlorn undertaking, when it was reported that Indians had landed on the island in a canoe. The joyful intelligence imparted new life to the sufferers. The fear that their visitors would prove hostile, however, somewhat abated their joy. This apprehension proved ungrounded.

Between two and three o'clock in the day, the Indians appeared from behind a tree, without arms, and with kind countenances. There were men, women, and children, who all appeared to pity the wretched situation of the sufferers, shaking hands with them heartily. They frequently repeated the word "*Nytop!*" which was thought to have a friendly signification, and in fact to mean "my friend."

These hospitable Indians then gave the poor wrecked seamen ears of Indian corn to satisfy their hunger for the moment. The Indian women, in particular, seemed to feel deeply for the sufferings of the emaciated beings before them; and one of them presented Captain Norwood with the leg of a swan, which he remarked he thought the best, because it was the largest he had ever seen. Having left a liberal quantity of wood, and indicated by signs that they would return, these simplehearted children of the forest departed

The next day they came again, and brought a plenty of bread and corn. They removed the party, whose number was now reduced to thirteen, in canoes, to the main land. Here they were carried to a wigwam of the Indians and welcomed with great hospitality. A large fire was made, and an ample supply of food given to them. Furs and deerskins were placed over them for warmth; and, in short, no kindness was omitted. Compassion and tenderness were visible in everything these children of nature did. In the woods of America, these brave but simple Indians *practised* those virtues of which too many calling themselves Christians only talked. They neither plundered, nor did they seem to covet anything in the possession of the shipwrecked men. In a hut of mat, bark, and reeds, fixed on poles, the party were thus entertained, and treated with a boiled swan for their supper.

Refreshed by a sound sleep, upon a stomach no longer craving, Norwood and his companions in misfortune awoke, as it seemed to them, in an earthly paradise. A good breakfast was provided for them; and they set off to where the king or chief resided, leaving the two women, who were as yet too weak to be removed, to the care of the Indians. It may be as well to add

here, that these women ultimately recovered their health, and arrived safely in Virginia, where they were afterward married.

The travellers had not gone far upon their journey, when they were stopped by orders of the chief, and sent back to their old quarters, he having heard of their weak and emaciated condition. The chief would not suffer them to walk, but had sent canoes to the creek for them to come to him by another route. On arriving at the chief's residence, they found it a rude but comfortable building, about twenty feet broad and sixty long. The only furniture were platforms for reposing upon, placed on both sides of the main apartment. A hole in the midst of the roof served for the chimney. Fourteen fires were lighted at once.

The king or chief sat upon a bed of deerskins, otter furs, and beaver, the finest that could be procured. He made Captain Norwood take his place by his side, and called him his brother. Food was presented to the party in abundance. Captain Norwood presented the chief with a sword and belt, which he put on, and with which he was much delighted.

Thus kindly treated, they gained strength daily. They thought Virginia could not be at a

great distance, and that it bore from them south by west. They imagined it was pretty clear they were to the south of Menados, a Dutch plantation, now the great city of New York. The chief desired to know whether they wished to go to the south or north. One of his suite made a sort of map on the ground with a stick. The most southernly point he called Achomack, which Captain Norwood believed to be Virginia, and made them understand it was there he wished to go, at which the chief appeared much gratified.

At length Captain Norwood and three or four more, who were hale and stout enough for the journey, determined to set out for Achomack. The chief having taken a fancy to Captain Norwood's camlet coat, he presented it to him. A piece of scarlet riband was given to the chief's daughter, together with a French tweezer, which delighted her.

They took a regretful leave of the chief, and set off, passing swamps and creeks without number, and being entertained hospitably on their way by the Indians and their chiefs, when they chanced to fall in with them. They finally ended their toils at Achomack, more properly the county of Northampton, in Virginia. They were

treated in the most hospitable manner by the colonists, who would not receive any kind of remuneration for their good offices. Captain Norwood was well received by the governor, Sir William Berkeley, a devoted royalist; and he was afterward presented with the place of treasurer of Virginia, void by the delinquency of one Claybourne.

The ship, which had left Norwood and his companions on the island, after many difficulties entered James river, where she ran on shore.

CHAPTER IV.

FAMINE IN THE PEGGY.

FROM the following narrative it is probable, Byron drew part of the shipwreck scene in Don Juan, so frequently quoted.

The sloop Peggy, commanded by Captain Harrison, sailed from New York in 1765, for the island of Fayal, and having discharged her cargo, weighed anchor upon her return, on the twenty-fourth of October. The weather was fine until the twenty-ninth, when it came on to blow hard, and so continued for a whole month, till the first of December. The rigging was so much injured that the ship could make but little way through the water, and the provisions, except a small quantity of bread, were all exhausted: a quarter of a pound, a pint of wine, and a pint of water, to each man, were the daily allowance of those on board.

The ship, from continual straining, was leaky, and much injured. The sea still ran very high. Thunder and lightning prevailed, almost without intermission, and the starving crew were in great fear that the ship would go down. While the gale continued so strong, that there could be no communication with another vessel, they had the disappointment to see two ships pass them, without the possibility of communicating information of their sufferings. They had only the miserable prospect before them of perishing with hunger.

The allowance of bread and water was now further reduced by general consent, until at length the food was all eaten up, and only two gallons of water were left at the bottom of a cask, which was thick and dirty. The crew, while they could obtain sustenance, were obedient to the officers' orders, but everything being consumed, their sufferings made them desperate. They drank the wine and brandy, became intoxicated, and mingled their cries of distress with oaths and imprecations.

In the midst of their despair, a sail was seen. They hoisted a signal of distress, and the stranger sail came so near them, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the day she was first seen, that they were able to communicate the intelligence

of their pitiable condition. The weather was calm, and the captain promised them a supply of bread, but he had nothing more which he could spare. And yet the inhuman wretch delayed sending it, coolly occupying himself with making an observation for the space of an hour, while the famishing crew of the *Peggy*, with wild and ravening eyes, expected the food, without which they could hardly hope to exist longer. Captain Harrison was then so weak, he was obliged to leave the deck with hunger and faintness; a film came over his eyes, and as he was suffering as well from rheumatism as from hunger, he went down into his cabin.

In a short time, one of the crew came down to him, in an agony of despair, telling him the strange vessel was gone without sending them the scanty assistance, which had been promised. Captain Harrison again crept upon the deck, and saw the ship standing away with additional canvass: in five hours she was out of sight.

As long as the vessel of this inhuman commander was to be descried, the poor fellows in the *Peggy* hung about the rigging, and ran from one part of the ship to another, in frantic consternation. Their looks were ghastly: their cries rent the air, and must have been plainly

heard by the commander of the vessel, which had gone away, when he had got under sail, coming louder and quicker upon his ear every yard the ships separated from each other. Their lamentations at last died away in feeble groans.

They had two pigeons and a cat on board: the former they cooked for their Christmas dinner; the cat was killed on the following day, and divided into nine parts by lot. The head fell to the share of the captain, who enjoyed it better than any food he had ever before tasted. The day following they began to scrape the bottom of the ship for barnacles; but most of these, which had been within reach, were beaten off by the waves, and the men were too weak to hang long over the vessel's side to get at them.

The crew now got intoxicated again, reckless of everything in their phrensy. The pumps they were too feeble to work. They had no light during a night of sixteen hours but what the glimmering of their fire afforded. The candles and oil had all been used for food. On the twenty-eighth of December, their only remaining sail was blown away, and the ship lay a wreck upon the ocean.

For sixteen days, until the thirteenth of Janu-

ary, it is not known how the crew subsisted, yet on that day they were still alive. In the evening the mate entered the cabin with the crew at his heels half drunk. Their countenances were frightfully ghastly. They told the captain they could go on no longer. They had exhausted their tobacco, eaten up the leather from the pumps, and even the buttons from their jackets. They now had no way of averting death but by casting lots, which should die to sustain the lives of their comrades. They trusted the captain would agree to the proposal, and demanded his determination. He tried to divert them from their purpose, by saying that if they would postpone until the morning the execution of their scheme, and by that time they were not relieved by an interposition of Providence, he would confer further with them.

This only made them more outrageous. They said, what was to be done must be done at once. They had paid him the compliment of consulting him, but he must take his chance with the rest. They left him, but returned in a few minutes, and told the captain that they had taken a chance for their lives, and that the lot had fallen on the negro. They loaded a pistol, which the poor fellow seeing, flew to the captain, who,

though he imagined the negro had not been fairly treated, by the rapidity of the proceedings, told him he could only lament he was unable to protect him. The negro was dragged upon deck and shot.

His life was scarcely extinct, when they made a large fire and began to cut up the body. One of the crew, James Campbell, was so ravenous that he seized a portion of the intestines and ate it uncooked. That night until morning came, they were busy at their loathsome meal. The next day, they asked Captain Harrison if they should pickle the body. This proposal was so shocking, that he seized a pistol, and declared, if those who made such an application did not leave the cabin, he would send them after the negro.

Three days afterward, Campbell died mad. The crew became more sober from this circumstance, but, for fear of contracting madness by consuming their comrade's body, they threw it overboard. On the following day, one of the men took a piece of the meat boiled to the captain; but he refused it with horror, chid the messenger, and threatened him. His appetite went away from nausea at the spectacle of human flesh.

The negro's body, which had been used with the utmost economy, lasted from the seventeenth to the twenty-sixth of January. They were then as badly off as before, and it was resolved by the crew to cast lots again. In vain did the captain expostulate. He then considered that if the lots were not drawn in his presence he might not himself be fairly treated. He was just able to raise himself up in bed high enough to cause the lots to be drawn equitably.

The fatal lot fell on one David Flat, a seaman much beloved on board. The shock this decision produced on them all, rendered them speechless for some time, until the victim spoke and said: "My dear comrades, all the favor I ask of you is, to despatch me as you did the negro with as little torture as possible." He then said to Doud, the man who had killed the negro, "It is my wish that you should shoot me." Doud reluctantly consented.

Flat then begged a short time to prepare for his end, which was readily granted. As the time drew near for the sacrifice, their reluctance increased. They determined the devoted man should live until the next morning at eleven o'clock, praying that God would interpose during the interval, to save his life. They begged the

captain to read prayers to them, which he had scarcely strength left to do.

The seamen went to Flat, and were overheard by the captain talking with great kindness to him; and, trusting God would yet preserve him, they told him that they had been unable to catch a single fish, but they would put out their hooks, and try if Heaven would in that way relieve them. Poor Flat, however, was beyond their consolations. Already weak, he became so agitated, that by midnight he was deaf, and, in two or three hours more, raving mad. His comrades then began to think it would be a merciful act to despatch him, but still having promised to spare his life until eleven o'clock, they resolved to abide scrupulously by their determination.

At eight o'clock in the morning the captain was surprised by two of the crew coming into the cabin in great haste. They eagerly seized his hands, and fixed their eyes on his face, but were unable to articulate. He at first imagined that, as they had been afraid to eat the body of Campbell, and had thrown him overboard, they were also in the same fear with regard to Flat. He imagined he saw

“The longings of the cannibal arise,
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.”

He snatched a pistol, but the poor famine-stricken fellows, seeing his error, managed to show him that they were drunk from their emotions, which, in their enfeebled state, had completely overcome them. It appeared that a large vessel had been seen to leeward, standing toward them in as good a direction as they could desire.

The captain nearly expired with joy at this news. The thought of his wife and children had made the prospect of death doubly dark. He now saw a chance of escape. He directed the crew to lose no time in making every signal of distress they could devise. The crew did their best, and he could soon hear a sort of jumping movement on the deck, and the cry, "She nears us! she nears us!"

Amidst all their joy, the generous hearts of the poor tars now turned upon their comrade, Flat. He could feel none of their gratification. Alas, he was insane!

A cask of wine was proposed, but the captain assured the crew that their deliverance must yet depend upon their being masters of their conduct, when their deliverers might come alongside. They had all the self-denial, in the midst of their burning thirst, to refrain, except the mate, who

retired by himself to drink, unable to resist the temptation.

They continued to watch the ship for several hours, until, as it were to tantalize them, the breeze died away, and she lay becalmed about two miles from them. They were cheered, however, by seeing the boat put off from her, and come toward them, with all the despatch she could make.

During the progress of the boat their emotions may be imagined. On reaching the ship, the strangers were struck mute with surprise at the cadaverous appearance of these unfortunate people. They even rested on their oars, and looking at them with countenances, which cannot be pictured, asked, "Who are you — are you men?" They came on board, but requested the crew to make haste in quitting their wreck of a vessel, as they feared a gale of wind was coming on, and they might be prevented from regaining their own ship.

The captain was so weak, that he had to be lowered with ropes into the boat. The crew followed; the wretched man Flat, to whom joy and misery were now the same, being among them. The mate was missing. He had stupefied himself with wine. He was received into

the boat, and, in about an hour, they were all safe on board the stranger vessel, the *Susanna* of London, of which Thomas Evers was master. She was on her return from Virginia to London.

Evers received the miserable crew as might be expected from a noble-spirited British tar. He treated them with the utmost humanity and gentleness. He lay by the wreck in hopes to save some clothes for the captain the next morning, but it came on to blow, and he was obliged to carry sail the same night. They saw the *Peggy* no more.

The *Susanna* was scant of provisions, and she was much shattered in the hull and rigging. Captain Evers was obliged to put all on board upon short allowance. They succeeded in making the Land's End on the second of March, and proceeded at once to the Downs, whence Captain Harrison reached London by land. The mate, Doud the seaman, who shot the negro, and Warren, a sailor, died on the passage to England. Three only, beside the captain, survived; they were named Ashley, Wentworth, and Flat. Whether the last was ever restored to reason is unknown.

The practice of sailing with provisions just calculated to last the usual period, in which the

voyage is performed, cannot be too severely apprehended. Instances were more frequent in the time of the Peggy, than of late years ; but they still occur too often.

It is impossible to contemplate the horrors endured by the crew of the Peggy, and not be astonished at the amount of suffering, which man is able to endure, and even to survive. Captain Harrison's strength seems to have returned sooner than that of his men, though his immediate weakness was greater ; but he had refrained from wine, which was probably the cause of his preservation, as he was not over-excited when his bodily frame was least able to support it.

CHAPTER V.

MADAME DUNOYER'S ABANDONMENT.

It was in the year 1766, that M. Dunoyer, an inhabitant of Cape François, in the French part of St. Domingo, went to Samona on the Spanish side of the island, for the purpose of forming a residence at that place. He had been there about a year, when Madame Dunoyer wished her husband to return to Cape François, the air of which being that of her native place, she thought would prove favorable to her health, which was then delicate. They accordingly embarked in a small vessel belonging to M. Dunoyer, with one infant at the breast and another about seven years old. A negress, their domestic servant, called Catherine, accompanied them.

Just as they were about to sail, an English bark was shipwrecked on the coast hard by, but

the crew were saved. Two of them were afforded a passage by M. Dunoyer. One called himself Captain John ; the other was named Young. M. Dunoyer gave them necessaries, even linen, they promising, on the other hand, to help him during the passage to the utmost of their power.

In the beginning of March everything was ready for sea. They accordingly set sail. The stern, which was shaded with palm leaves, was divided by a sail across it from the rest of the bark. Behind it a mattress was placed for Madame Dunoyer, her children, and the negress. The two sailors lay down in the bow of the bark. M. Dunoyer slept upon a mattress which lay at the feet of his wife. Before sailing M. Dunoyer had discharged two Frenchmen, whom he had engaged to work the vessel, because the two Englishmen offered their services for the purpose, and were good sailors.

All was still before the midnight hour, when one of the children began to cry. M. Dunoyer handed aft some milk, which was carried for the purpose of feeding it, and all was again hushed as at first. Between the hours of three and four, Madame Dunoyer was awakened by a kind of dull blow, which seemed to be struck with a hammer or hatchet upon her husband's mattress,

and she thought she heard him heave a sigh. Frightened, trembling, and anticipating the truth, she awoke the negress by crying, "Oh, God, they are killing M. Dunoyer!"

She lifted the sail or curtain at her feet between her husband's mattress and her own, when the man called John came to her bed, and with a ferocious air lifting the hatchet, threatened to kill her if she gave the least alarm. He then struck her husband two blows with the hatchet. Young took the tiller, and John loosened the sail, as they said, for New York.

At daybreak the bark was two leagues from land, and Madame Duncoyer, who had scarcely strength to rise from the awning, saw cast over the side of the bark and floating on the sea, the mattress on which the bleeding body of her husband had just been extended. The man called John, said to the affrighted wife, "Do n't be alarmed — your husband sleeps well." He then came to her, and demanded the keys of the boxes and trunks, and her husband's arms, which she immediately gave up. He searched through every package, but found no money. With eyes drenched in tears, she asked why the wretch had the barbarity to kill her husband; for that he had no money in the vessel. The murderer replied,

it was to get possession of the vessel to take them to New York.

Seeing there was no money, the assassin became milder in his manner, and offered the unfortunate lady food, tea, and chocolate. She refused his offer, upon which they told her not to vex herself or be unhappy; that they would do her no injury, but disembark her, on the contrary, with all her baggage, on the French territory.

Night now approached. Repose was not to be expected in so dreadful a situation, being in the power of the murderers of her husband. She wept all night over her children. Her husband's image was ever before her eyes; and hour after hour passed away in bitter suffering.

In the morning, Madame Dunoyer asked the murderers if they intended to carry her to New York. They replied, if she wished to go to Cape François, one of them would take her, together with the children and negress, in the boat. She accepted the proposal, for what doom was not preferable to remaining on board with such caitiffs? She did not recollect that the boat was small, and not calculated to resist the waves of the open sea. It was, in fact, a canoe hollowed out of a single tree, such as is used by the American Indians

They put an old paliasse in the bottom of the canoe, four biscuit cakes, a bottle containing a few pints of fresh water, six eggs, a little salt pork, and a kettle. The man John placed the two children and negress in the canoe first, and then searched the pockets of Madame Dunoyer, in which he found her husband's shoe and collar buckles of silver, which she happened to have in her possession. These he took away, as well as a packet of linen she had made up to take in the canoe, and compelled her to follow the negress and children. She expected one of the men would have gone with them to guide the canoe. Instead of this they cast it loose, hoisted every sail, and in no great while were out of sight.

The unfortunate lady was thus left with her children and servant by these pirates, for such no doubt they were, to float whither the waves would carry them. Nothing but sky and water was in view; no land could be seen. As the bark quitted them, she prayed in vain for help, even from the assassins of her husband. There was nevertheless a more powerful protection extended over her and her little ones. The Eye that never slumbers nor shuts watched them in their hour of desolation, and they did not perish.

The consternation of Madame Dunoyer, imagination cannot paint. The thought of her children, one a helpless infant, almost reduced her to utter despair. Her kind slave tried to revive and console her. All the little aid she could give — all the humble efforts she could make — she exerted to comfort her. Madame Dunoyer had swooned away at one time; the kind creature labored to restore her, and succeeded; but Madame Dunoyer only became conscious of existence to deplore afresh the horrors of their unhappy situation. She fancied her children the prey of the shark, she pressed them to her bosom, and bathed them in tears. At length she attained sufficient composure to deliver herself and children over to the care of Heaven, and to leave all besides to the waves and the conduct of the negress, who tried to manage the canoe without knowing how their course lay.

Night came on, and dark and fearful hours were to be passed. The danger of upsetting was augmented by the rising of the wind. The waves were swollen, and one of them entering the canoe carried away their biscuit and water, leaving them in dread of another, which should overwhelm them entirely. Fortunately, the negress could steer well enough not to hasten

such a catastrophe by any mismanagement. The hours of the night seemed as if they would never pass away.

The day broke over a calm ocean, but this was all that appeared to afford them consolation. They knew not where to steer had they been able to sail. No land was yet in sight. Their hope that some vessel might pick them up was past. Madame Dunoyer could only pray and implore the aid of the Protector of the widow and fatherless.

Seven days and nights did these unfortunate females pass in this condition, exposed to the atmosphere, and without any food but the salt pork. Nearly worn out, Madame Dunoyer expected that every moment would be her last. The power of woman to endure bodily suffering is far beyond that of the other sex. The rigid tendons of man snap asunder quickly, while the more flexible fibres of woman do not break until they have been attenuated to the utmost.

The thought of her children being left in so deplorable a state was worse to Madame Dunoyer than death. She saw that they must soon perish, and proposed opening one of her veins to prolong the life of the infant at her breast, because the maternal stream had ceased to yield it the wonted supply.

About this critical time a vessel was seen at distance by the negress. Anxiously did they watch its approach, and make all the signals in their power when it was within view. They were at last seen ; the vessel made for the canoe, but a new danger might arise from the sea's recoiling off the ship and nearly sinking the shallow canoe as it came alongside. The people on board were aware of this hazard, and, by good management, got the women and children on board safely.

The ship was bound to New Orleans, and Madame Dunoyer happened fortunately to have a relation there, M. Rougeot, a notary by profession, who received her and her fatherless children with great kindness.

The inhabitants of Louisiana generously raised a sum of money for the unfortunate lady. The first thing she did was to make her relation, the notary, give freedom to the negress her companion in misfortune, but the faithful creature would not leave her mistress while she lived.

A deposition of the facts relating to the murder of M. Dunoyer was made at New Orleans, and sent to New York, in the hope of bringing the assassins to justice ; but nothing more was ever heard of them.

CHAPTER VI.

SUFFERINGS OF DAVID WOODWARD OF BOSTON AND
FIVE SEAMEN.

IT was on the first of March, 1791, that Captain David Woodward, then chief mate of the *Enterprise*, bound from Batavia to Manilla, left the ship in the straits of Macassar. He was sent in an open boat with five seamen: two were Americans, namely, William Gideon and John Cole, the latter a lad aged nineteen; two were Englishmen, George Williamson and Robert Gilbert; and Archibald Millar, a Scotchman. Woodward himself was an American, a native of Boston, a tall, thin man, of a fair complexion, temperate in his habits, and capable of enduring great hardships.

The *Enterprise* had been six weeks trying to beat up the straits, and nearly all the provisions on board were consumed. On the day already mentioned, they had descried a strange sail, and

the errand of the boat was to endeavor to purchase provisions. In their boat they had neither water, food, nor compass. They had an axe, a boat-hook, two pocket-knives, a useless gun, and forty dollars in money. Their boat was a four-oared one without a sail. They reached the strange vessel about sunset during a squall of wind from the land and a heavy rain, which obscured the atmosphere so that they could not see their vessel. They found that the ship they had boarded had only just provisions enough to enable her to reach China, whither she was bound.

Night came on totally dark, and Woodward and his five men were advised to remain on board until morning. To this they consented. When morning came, the ship they were in was at the same place as on the preceding night; but the *Enterprise* was not in sight from the masthead, and the wind blew fair to carry her out of the straits.

Woodward did not wish to be carried to China, and therefore left the vessel, feeling, as it was, that they met very cool treatment. The master told Woodward it was a great chance if he ever found his own ship again, and gave him a bottle of brandy, but no provisions nor

water. He added twelve musket cartridges at Woodward's request.

It was noon when they pushed off from the strange ship on their forlorn undertaking. They were in latitude 9° south of the line, and they steered southward in the hope of falling in with their own vessel. About twelve at night they reached an island, on which they landed in expectation of finding fresh water. They made a large fire, trusting their vessel might see it, but in vain. In the morning they ascended the highest land in the island, but could not discover their ship. No water nor anything fit to be eaten was found on the island, and they re-embarked with heavy hearts, still continuing their course down the middle of the straits.

They plied their oars until the second day without tasting anything but the brandy, which by evening was exhausted. The weather was squally and rainy. They all took their turns at the oars, at watching and sleeping. Their complaints of hunger and thirst were now very great; but, as is always the case, the sufferers were most earnest for water. The third day was passed in unavailing hopes, but the sun went down on their disappointment; the fourth day they looked in one another's faces with marks of

deep anxiety and anguish. The fifth day was passed in silence, despondency, and gloom.

To preserve moisture in his mouth, Woodward himself kept a piece of lead in it, from which he fancied he derived benefit. In the pangs of his hunger he swallowed a bit of wood. He also rinsed his mouth with seawater frequently, but did not swallow it. The night-dews were cold and heavy; but these seemed, on the whole, rather beneficial to them than otherwise, perhaps from the absorption which took place through the pores of the skin, alleviating in a slight degree their raging thirst.

One of the expedients adopted with great good sense, and practised with very excellent effect to relieve their sufferings as long as it was possible to do so, was that of telling stories. Of these Woodward seems to have had a stock. He recollected that Captain Inglefield had done the same when he escaped from the wreck of the *Centaur* in 1782. Woodward and his companions at first even sang songs. It relieved their despondency, and produced for the time cheerfulness and tranquillity. Inglefield's narrative of the loss of the *Centaur*, Holwel's account of the Black Hole at Calcutta, and the scripture history of Joseph and his brethren, he related over and

over again to his companions. Their attention seemed fixed on them ; they requested the repetition and inquired into the facts. The perseverance they displayed, and, in truth, their ultimate preservation, Woodward mainly attributed to thus diverting their thoughts from their own calamity. What a proof of the power of the mind upon the body ! The story of Joseph and his brethren, alleviating the sufferings of seamen on a wide sea, in an open boat, nearly perishing from famine ! What a mystery is man !

Woodward was a believer in dreams, and he was, according to his own account, much supported by the firm persuasion he should see his home and wife again : the conviction of this was foremost in his mind during all their hardships.

At length, after six days' course in the straits, during which time they were near foundering, owing to a heavy squall from the southwest, which forced them to keep before the wind, the island of Celebes appeared in sight. They resolved to go on shore to search for something to eat. Afterward they hoped to proceed to Macassar, which they judged might be about three degrees to the southward of the spot at which they then were.

At daybreak they rowed toward the land,

when they saw two proas, or Malay boats, and approached them. Those on board put themselves in an offensive attitude, notwithstanding which, the nearly famished mariners approached in the hope of obtaining food. On making signs for some, the Malays, perceiving there were no arms in the boat, began to put up their creeses or daggers. Still soliciting something to eat, but in vain, three of the seamen got into the first proa and begged some Indian corn, but could obtain only three or four ears.

Woodward now offered the chief a dollar for two cocoanuts. He took the dollar, but would not give the nuts. Instead of doing so, he came with another Malay directly into the boat, and began foraging for money with a drawn dagger. Woodward took the axe to defend himself, and the boat being cast loose, the Malays left her. They fired a pistol and snapped a musket at Woodward and his men without effect.

Keeping off from the first proa, the mariners rowed toward the second, but here they were also forbidden to come near. Their situation being desperate, they determined to pull for the shore. Woodward landed, but was obliged to re-embark, on account of the proas sending down persons to attack him and his enfeebled men.

Again they took to their boat, and getting about four miles more to the northward, out of sight of the proas, they landed near some cocoanut trees. Too weak to climb them, they contrived, with difficulty, to cut down three.

In the meantime, the Scotchman, Millar, returned to the boat, to desire two of the seamen, who were in it, to come and assist while he kept the boat. The fourth tree was cut down, when a cry was heard from Millar, and, on going to learn what caused it, the boat was seen at some distance from the land, full of Malays, and Millar lying dead at the water's edge.

Woodward and the four seamen having lost everything, even to the best part of their clothes, fled into the mountains, and concealed themselves among the dry leaves. There they lay quiet the remainder of the day, having still to encounter hunger, wild beasts, and savage men. Not thinking it safe to travel in the day, they set out at night, and selected for their guide a star bearing south. For six nights they thus proceeded, going into the woods to sleep in the day, where they saw many wild beasts, but none attacked them. Woodward was armed with the boathook, while the others had only the axe, two pocket-knives, and four clubs, which they cut in the woods.

On the sixth day from their landing they were very faint, weak, and hungry. They had parted from the ship thirteen days. A little water found in the hollows of the trees, and berries gathered in the woods, were all their sustenance. They were without shoes, and their bodies were lacerated with briers and brambles. Woodward was better than his men, keeping his spirits well up, and his mind constantly engaged.

On the morning of the thirteenth day of their journey, they came to a mountain by the side of a deep bay, where, at a little distance, they saw Malays fishing. Woodward found some berries of a yellowish color, which he ate heartily, but his companions would not touch them, yet three of them ate the leaves of the bushes.

They now consulted together upon taking a canoe from the natives and embarking in it, or contriving a raft, on which they might venture to sea, to make the island where they first landed after they left their ship — a very ill-judged proceeding, when it afforded them neither water nor provisions. These schemes were frustrated by three of the party, who had eaten the leaves of the bushes, being attacked with pains and vomitings, so that they uttered loud cries all the following night. In the morning these three

poor fellows were objects of pity, looking more like spectres than men. Woodward did not dare to pity them, lest he should affect their spirits, but he addressed them roughly, told them they would soon be better and were more frightened than hurt.

He brought them about a pint of water from the hollow of a tree, they complaining bitterly of thirst, and he made them suck it through a reed. They were so exhausted, that, after taking it, they lay down powerless. It was thus clear that proceeding to the island as they proposed was impossible. It was then agreed by all that they should deliver themselves up to the natives, except John Cole, one of the Americans, who said he would rather die in the woods than be massacred by the Malays. Woodward here exerted his authority, but Cole came into the scheme with reluctance.

They concealed their weapons in the earth, together with their solitary dollar, near a large tree which served them for a mark to find them again, and then set out for the bay, where they had seen the Malays in the morning, uncertain whether life or death would be the result of the step. On arriving at the beach they could not see a single native. At length they found three

girls fishing in a brook, who ran away at their approach. They followed them for some time, and then sat down upon a fallen tree and waited the even.

In a short time, three men were seen approaching from the direction in which the girls had gone away. Woodward alone went to meet them, begging his companions to sit still. He proceeded until he had come within a very short distance of them, when they drew their creeses. Woodward fell on his knees and craved mercy. The Malays then shook hands with him, took away his hat and cut the buttons from his coat, but they did him no other mischief. They treated his companions in the same manner. They gave Woodward five cocoanuts, and took him to a town called Travalla, where the unfortunate seamen were taken to a place of judgment to await the entrance of the rajah. He was a tall, well-made man, with a fierce, wild look. He bore a creese with a blade two feet and a half long, brightly polished. He had a red handkerchief on his head, a pair of short breeches, and a girdle round his waist. He fixed his eyes on the seamen, and Woodward then approached him so near as to place the

rajah's foot upon his own head in token of submission.

A consultation took place among the Malays, and the chief brought five pieces of beetlenut, and gave Woodward one, as a token of friendship. This made the seaman's mind a little more at ease.

The afternoon approached, and Woodward and his companions lay down to sleep. When they awoke, they were conveyed to the rajah's house, and had some sago bread and peas provided for them. A number of strange Malays came and showed great surprise at Woodward's height and size, he being six feet and an inch. They had never seen a man so tall. The captives slept till morning, when they were awakened by the concourse of people coming to see them. A cocoanut and an ear of Indian corn were their allowance at dinner and supper. They were not permitted to go out except to bathe.

Two men shortly arrived; one of them named Tuan Hadjee, spoke a few words of English, Moorish, and Portuguese. When he found who Woodward was, and whence he had come, he asked the rajah permission to ransom both him and his companions for a hundred dollars in

gold dust ; but it was refused. Upon this 'Tuan Hadjee went away. Woodward and his companions were now employed in making bread in the woods, but were hardly allowed enough to sustain life.

After the expiration of two months, the prisoners were permitted to walk about the town during the day, but were guarded at night. Two of the men were seized with fever, and Woodward was left at home to take care of them. On returning one day from a walk, about a mile from the town, he found that Williams, one of his men, had killed a hog, which is held in abhorrence by the natives. They were hooted at in consequence, and obliged to dress it on the seashore. They smoked the meat and hid it in the woods. People came from all parts of the country to see the whites. Nothing more was seen of the old priest Tuan Hadjee, but they found he lived only eight miles off, in the town of Dungalla.

At Parlow, on a bay of that name, the head rajah resided, and the whites were conveyed thither. On the third day they were conducted into his presence, attended by two thousand persons. A musket was brought, and they were

asked if they understood its use, to which they answered in the affirmative.

Here Woodward caught a fever from the humidity of the ricegrounds. A woman behaved very kindly to him, gave him tea, a pillow, and mats, and sent him boiled rice. The rajah appointed a house for them, and an old woman tried to remove the disorder by incantations. The fever soon got better.

CHAPTER VII.

WOODWARD'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED — HIS ADVENTURES AMONG THE MALAYS.

WOODWARD remained at Parlow eight months. The town lies in latitude $1^{\circ} 30'$ south, or nearly so. Woodward asked permission to go to Travalla, the place which they had first visited. He was sent in a proa, the captain of which had orders to prevent his seeing Dungalla, the town where Tuan Hadjee resided. They were fortunately becalmed when opposite to it, from which Woodward was able to ascertain its situation with accuracy.

On his arrival at Travalla, provisions being scarce, he went to a village some distance off, and begged Indian corn, of which he got a few ears. He then took a Malay, who had been kind to him, to the spot where he had hid with his companions their boathook, axe, and knives,

and these he presented to him. He took care however, to secrete the dollar for future purposes.

Failing in obtaining a canoe, in which to escape to Dungalla, he made the attempt by land. He succeeded. He entered the town just as the crowing of the cock announced the morning. The town was surrounded by a fence of wood. No one was stirring, and Woodward bent his steps into the heart of the place. The first person he saw was a man coming out of the public building, who proved to be the servant of Tuan Hadjee, of whom he was in search. The man, when he saw Woodward, turned back, saying, "Put a Satan! Put a Satan!" which means, "A white devil is sitting there." A man who had seen Woodward at Travalla then came out, and taking his hand, said, "Steersman," meaning "messmate," and then led him to Tuan Hadjee.

The priest and his wife, a girl about sixteen years of age, then got up. They asked Woodward if he was hungry, and on his replying in the affirmative, ordered him some rice and fish. The distance he had travelled was about nine miles. He had scarcely any garments, and what he had were filthy. Woodward presented his dollar to the priest, who, adding two more, bought

linen for a shirt, jacket, and a pair of trowsers. The chief of Travalla sent to Dungalla to demand Woodward, but Tuan Hadjee and the rajah of Dungalla refused to deliver him up. They told him that, in three months, they would convey him to Batavia, or to Macassar, and desired him to send for the four men from Parlow, who had remained there while Woodward went in the proa to Travalla. The old priest procured a slip of paper, and, with a bamboo pen, wrote to the men by the captain of a proa to come away to him secretly. They succeeded in getting away, and, greatly to the joy of all, reached Dungalla in safety. They left Parlow in the evening during a feast, and arrived at Dungalla about twelve the next day. The distance was not more than twelve miles.

The rajah of Parlow, enraged at the rajah of Dungalla for not delivering up Woodward and his men, made an attack upon the town. The people of the place got in their crops, and recalled Woodward and his men. Woodward being armed with a musket was stationed in a tower where there was a swivel-gun, which he was to use in their defence.

In a skirmish between the two towns, eight of the people of Dungalla were slain. The rajah

now refused leave for Woodward to go to another town with Tuan Hadjee, telling him he must remain at Dungalla, and keep guard. Upon which, taking the guns, and all they had belonging to the rajah, they returned them to him, Woodward saying he wished to go to Macassar. The rajah said he should not.

They were now obliged to subsist by begging, until Woodward's patience being exhausted, he came to the resolution of stealing a canoe, and his men agreed to the plan. They were, however, surrounded by armed men, when they were going to put their scheme into execution, and taken before the rajah. Woodward said they got nothing to eat, and were determined to get away on that account.

Woodward, finding the old priest had proceeded to a place called Sawyah, followed him with the four men, and giving him the slip, embarked in a canoe, but they were captured on their way by a proa, and taken to the old priest. The old man gave them some rice, and sent back the canoe to Dungalla. They remained some time with him there, and he presented to Woodward an island lying in the bay, which he made him take possession of in due form. They were soon after employed, at a place called Dumpalis, in

making sago, which they bartered for fish or cocoanuts.

One day a pirate's proa with a fine canoe came up to a place called Tomboo, where Juan Hadjee and Woodward and his party were then staying. Woodward now resolved to make a desperate effort to escape to Macassar at all risks. He borrowed the canoe to go out and fish. He caught several and shared them with the people, to whom the canoe belonged. Woodward then asked for it at night, to go fishing again. They refused the loan, intimating that it was at his service for the day, but not the night.

That night Woodward determined to steal the canoe, which was made fast to the stern of the proa. When all were asleep, Woodward went toward the proa leaving orders with his men, that if he succeeded in seizing it, they were to come down to the beach a small distance off. Woodward heard some talking in the proa when he came up to it. The canoe was fast to the stern. He entered it, nevertheless, having a fishing line in his hand, that, if descried, it might be thought he was going to fish. He remained undiscovered, and pushed off the canoe; then he got it to the beach and took in his men, who had their little stock of provision, consisting only

of four quarts of rice and two of sago. The latter was unbaked.

They had considerable difficulty to procure a fire. Woodward luckily had the blade of a Dutch knife and a flint, with some tinder made of the bark of a tree used for that purpose by the natives, and they were thus fortunately able to make what they could scarcely have done without, even in the warm climate of Celebes. The natives were observed to strike fire with a piece of china and a bamboo, but this was beyond their skill.

They now proceeded as rapidly as they could toward the south, calculating Macassar to be about five degrees in that direction. After being three days at sea, a strong southerly wind came on, and they were nearly lost. Woodward was in hopes to make the shore in some place where there were no inhabitants. Just as they imagined they had succeeded, they discovered a small proa making for them with all its power. Woodward tacked directly, but the proa soon came up, and he recognised all the Malays. They asked where he was bound; he replied to Macassar. They told him he must put back, and ordered the men on board.

Seeing that the proa was manned with only

five men, Woodward was determined not to be taken, and, therefore, rowed directly to windward and escaped. As the sea was running high it became necessary to go on shore. This they determined to do, as far as possible, to avoid the Malays. Seeing no inhabitants they went on shore at Tannamare, about twelve leagues south of Travalla. They landed, hauled up their canoe, and made a fire, intending to cook some rice; but they were interrupted by the Malays, and jumping again into the canoe, they pulled away. A squall coming on favored their escape, and, when day broke, they found themselves a good distance to the southward, and for two or three days saw nothing to alarm them.

On the ninth day, two fishing canoes ran alongside. An old and intelligent Malay from one of them came into the canoe, and Woodward asked him how far off Macassar might be. He replied it would take thirty days to reach it, but at last confessed it might be reached in two. Woodward now directed his course along the shore.

In the evening a proa full of men was seen setting off in pursuit. It soon came up, and took Woodward and his men prisoners to the town of Pamboon. Stripping them of all they

wore, the captors conducted them to the house of the rajah, where Woodward was examined. He told them where he was bound, and that he must not be stopped. The rajah asked Woodward if he understood the use of a gun; he replied in the negative, saying he was a sailor, and not a soldier. He then showed Woodward about a hundred stand of arms, and wished him to remain and take charge of them. He also offered him a wife, but he declined both his offers. Some supper was then sent to the seamen, and they slept surrounded by a guard of twenty Malays.

On the following day, Woodward begged the rajah would send them to Macassar, for if they were detained, the governor there would stop all his proas at Macassar. The rajah then called the captain of a proa, and told him to get what he could for the prisoners, and if he could get nothing to let them go.

They now set out for Macassar in the proa. Woodward was quite ill. The nights were cold with rain, and the days hot. The thought of reaching Macassar alone kept him alive. Pamboon was only about ninety or a hundred miles from Macassar, and, in three days, they reached a small island called San Bottam, nine leagues

from Macassar, where they were left two days on board the proa. They were not suffered to land. Woodward at last sent one of the men, named Williams, by stealth, to tell the rajah that he was on board sick, and wanted to come on shore. Williams soon returned with the tidings that the rajah would send for him shortly.

In half an hour afterward an order came by the rajah's own son to the captain of the proa, desiring him to let the captives come on shore. They were instantly released, and conducted to the rajah, to whom they related their story. He ordered them some rice for refreshment, and commanded a proa to be got ready to take them to Macassar.

The following day, being the fifteenth of June, 1795, they reached Macassar, after being nineteen days on their voyage from Tomboo, whence they escaped, and two years and five months in captivity.

At Macassar, the fugitives were most hospitably received by the Dutch governor, William Pitts Jacobson, a native of Amsterdam. Everything that the kindest attention could afford to alleviate the past miseries of Woodward and his men, was lavished upon them by this excellent Dutchman. He would receive no compensation

for the expenses he had been at on their account, and only hoped there was nothing more to contribute to their comfort. He shed tears at parting from them, on the first of July, and gave them letters to the governor of Batavia.

Woodward reached Batavia on the eleventh of July. The captain of the proa, in which he sailed, was a Malay, and a very agreeable man, so that the passage was pleasant. The governor of Batavia gave Woodward an audience, and he soon after got his five companions engaged by the captain of an American ship, the *Betsey*, bound to Boston.

Woodward found at Batavia Captain Sands, an old acquaintance, and embarked as his chief mate for Calcutta, on the twentieth of July. They arrived there in two months. At Calcutta Woodward obtained the command of a ship then under repair. While there, the very captain of the *Enterprise*, from whose vessel he had three years before been lost in the boat, came into the port. He was overjoyed to meet one, whom he supposed dead, and prevailed with Woodward to sail with him. They arrived at the Mauritius in forty-two days. Captain Hubbard told Woodward he had sent his clothes and wages by an American captain bound to Boston, that they

might be delivered to Mrs. Woodward with the account of his supposed decease.

Soon after this, Woodward got the command of Captain Hubbard's ship at the Isle of France. He also found there three out of the four of the men who had been his fellow-sufferers, the fourth having proceeded to America. From the Isle of France, Woodward sailed with his ship to Europe, touching at the Isle of Wight, where he landed, and set off for London, consigned to Messrs. Vaughan, who first persuaded him to publish the narrative of his sufferings and adventures

CHAPTER VIII.

LOSS OF THE COMMERCE, CAPTAIN RILEY.

THE American brig Commerce left New Orleans for Gibraltar, in June, 1815, having a crew of ten men, and set out on the return voyage on the twenty-third of August, in that year, intending to touch at the Cape de Verd islands, and take on board a cargo of salt. At Gibraltar a passenger was taken on board, an old Spaniard, named Antonio, a native of New Orleans.

After doubling Cape Spartel, the weather set in very hazy, so that the coast of Africa was not easy to be distinguished, and they were unable to trust to the observations which they had taken. The captain intended to shape his course between Palma and Teneriffe, wishing to fall in with the Canaries, the wind being favorable.

At noon, on the twenty-eighth of August, they took an observation, and found they were in $27^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude. The currents had carried them beyond their intended course, and the Canaries were passed without being descried, so that they imagined they had gone through the passage they intended, as the wind had continued good. They were barely able to make their observation from the obscurity of the atmosphere, which increased toward night. The calculations were carefully examined by the captain and two of the officers, and naturally supposed to be correct.

The course was then changed to the southwest, for the Cape de Verd islands, the farthest east. As night came on, the atmosphere was so dark that it was difficult to distinguish the extremity of the bowsprit. Soundings were tried, but no water was found at the depth of a hundred fathoms, and the course was continued. Not feeling easy, the captain desired the vessel might be kept to the northwest, and all be prepared for anything that might occur.

It was ten o'clock in the evening, when, not apprehending danger, the vessel tacked and went five or six knots with a good breeze and a high sea. In a moment the sound of breakers

was heard, and all hands were speedily upon deck. Imagining that it was a gust of wind coming on, the sails were reefed, when, all at once, breakers were seen to windward. At first the captain was going to drop anchor, although nothing dangerous was observed ahead.

The ship, hurried by the current and the wind, then struck with such violence, that those who were standing on deck at the time were thrown down.

Every effort was made to get off the ship, but in vain, and she became fixed upon the rocks. All hope of saving her was speedily abandoned. The crew made every exertion, and when further exertion was useless, they got up some provisions, and set the boat afloat, and Captain Riley, with one of his men, got into her on the lee side of the ship.

They were scarcely clear of the ship, when a wave almost filled the boat. After being beaten about for some time, they succeeded in making the land. They had taken the precaution to carry a rope on shore from the ship, by which means a hawser was dragged to land, and a communication opened between the vessel and the shore. The longboat with provisions was attempted to be sent on shore with two men by

this means, but it was upset and borne upon the sand by the waves, which ran exceedingly high. A few of the provisions were picked up and saved. The crew easily reached the land by means of the hawser, and, with the assistance of those already on shore, they were all preserved.

The provisions and water were placed under a sort of tent, which had been constructed with the oars and two small sails. It was Captain Riley's hope not to meet with any of the inhabitants of that inhospitable coast, but, by getting time to repair the injuries of their boat, or building a new one, to put to sea again when the weather became fine. By this means they trusted they should reach some European settlement. Their hopes were doomed to disappointment.

While they were drying their garments, an Arab was seen approaching. Captain Riley went toward him with every sign of friendship that he thought the savage would understand. He made a sign in return, that the captain should remain where he was; and then set about pillaging his property. He was old, but hardy and vigorous, and was soon joined by two women of hideous appearance, and a girl of eighteen or twenty of a good figure. There were besides half a dozen children, from six to

sixteen years of age, stark naked. They had a neavy hammer with them, an axe, and long knives, which hung in sheaths by their sides.

The barbarians forced and emptied the boxes and trunks, and carried the contents to the top of the sandhills on their backs. They emptied a mattress to wrap them in, and were much amused at seeing the feathers of the bed scattered by the wind. They wrapped their heads for an instant in the lace veils they pillaged, and bound their legs up in the silk handkerchiefs, and then added them to the general stock of pillage.

Although Captain Riley and his men were without arms, it was easy enough to have routed and driven these savages away with what they had at hand, but there did not seem to remain any mode of escape by sea or land, and, if driven off, they would hardly have failed to return with their companions and put the whole of the ship's company to death. They therefore suffered them to plunder as long as they pleased everything but the few provisions they had saved, which they determined to defend to the last moment.

About mid-day the sea became calmer, and one of the men went to the ship and procured some nails and tools to mend the boat, about

which they employed themselves until night, during which time a guard, armed with spars, was kept round the tent. The savage Arabs contrived nevertheless, to steal one of the sails which covered it. They attempted to take the other, but Captain Riley opposed them. They menaced him with their hatchets, and then went off.

A fire was now made, and some of their provisions were cooked. Two men were left to guard the tent while the rest slept. It may be easily conjectured that they scarcely closed their eyes.

At dawn of day the old Arab again appeared, accompanied by the two females, and two young men. He was armed with a lance, which he brandished above his head. He ordered Captain Riley and his men to go toward their ship, and pointed to a troop of camels, which was seen approaching from the east. The women set up loud howlings, and threw sand in the air to induce the camel-drivers to approach. The old Arab then went and drove the guards from the tent, while Captain Riley ran to the edge of the sea for a small spar to parry the blows of the lance. The Arab then made a signal to the camel-drivers that he did not want assistance,

fearing that he should be obliged to divide the booty with them.

Captain Riley and his men now assembled round the boat, which they tracked along in the sea by means of the hawser. The crew got into it too suddenly, and the waves filling it, the boat sunk. They then took the long-boat, which had remained upon the shore, and, embarking one after another, they succeeded in gaining the lee side of the stranded ship, which broke the waves off, although it was half full of water when they reached her. They now got on board, the captain and another remaining in the boat to empty her of the water.

The Arabs, in the meantime, having increased their number by two youths armed with cimeters, went to the tent. The camels came up, and they began to load them with the sail, and the provisions, to carry them away to the interior. The old man now went down to the shore, and, breaking the barrels of water and wine, which had been left there, let them run to waste on the sand. He then, with the help of his amiable family, collected the trunks, boxes, books, nautical instruments, and all that had been before preserved, and set fire to them.

The crew now saw that their provisions and

water being gone, they could only hope to effect their escape in the long-boat, although it was leaky, or they must remain in the vessel, which the waves might destroy before night, unless, indeed, they chose to perish by the hands of the savage Arabs. They now expected to see them appear in greater numbers with firearms.

There was a chance of their soon being able to reach the ship by land ; for a bank of sand had formed from the place where she struck to the shore, which was nearly dry at low water. There could be no hesitation as to which course to take. They secured some bottles of wine and pieces of salt meat. They had but two oars left, but made others out of planks. They then attempted to put off the boat, when a wave struck it, filled it with water, and drove it away the length of the ship. They hastened to get it secured again, two men being employed in emptying it, and two in keeping it off from the ship to prevent its being knocked to pieces.

Even the hearts of the barbarians, who had been the cause of the mischief, they unfortunately imagined were excited to pity. They came down to the edge of the water without weapons, and made signs to the crew to come on shore. They addressed themselves more particularly to Captain Riley. To inspire confidence one of them

went and fetched a skin of water, and made signs that it was full. All but the old man then went away, and he came into the sea as far as the armpits, making signs to come and drink. Tormented with thirst, and with the idea that there was no other mode of securing water, Captain Riley went on shore, took the skin and handed it to his men. After that, the old man made a sign that he wished to come on board, while the captain awaited his return on the shore.

There appeared to be no other mode of saving their lives but by the aid of these savages; it therefore seemed best to try and conciliate them. The children, the young men, and the women, lifted up their eyes as if to call Heaven to witness their sincerity. On reaching the shore, the old man took Captain Riley by the hand, and cried, "*Allah Akbar!*" He was suffered to go to the vessel, and the captain remained with the Arabs. Their curiosity seemed to be unlimited, and they testified the strongest signs of amity.

When the old man came over the side of the ship, the captain called to his crew to keep him back until he himself was free. The noise of the sea prevented his being heard. The Arab examined the hold of the ship, asked if there were any taffetas on board, or money, or firearms,

as well as he was understood ; finding none, he returned to the land. When he had got near the shore, Captain Riley was on the point of rising to go to meet him. The two youths, however, who were on each side of him, held his arms that he should not stir. At the same moment the women and even the children turned their knives and lances against his face and breast, making the most ferocious grimaces ; their appearance was beyond imagination horrible.

The old man seized the captain by the hair and took up a cimeter. Captain Riley gave himself up for lost, and recommended his spirit to his Maker. His air of resignation and fearlessness seemed to arrest them in their menaces. The old man having passed the cimeter lightly over the neck of his shirt, but not without cutting it slightly, let go his hair, and made signs that he should order all the money in the ship to be sent ashore. The seamen, who saw what took place, from the ship, swore that they would come ashore to avenge the captain, armed as well as they were able, if a hair of his head were touched.

When the old Arab had let go the captain, and they saw from the ship all was not as bad as they feared, one of them came along the nawsers, and asked what they were to do. Riley

told him to bring ashore all the money they could find in the ship—the noise of the waves prevented their understanding that he added, they were not to let it go until he was at liberty.

The money, a thousand piastres, was accordingly brought on shore in a bucket, which was made to slide along the hawser. It was taken by one of the young men. The old man all the while held the point of his cimeter to the captain's breast. The money was brought to him, and emptied in the corner of his garment. He made the captain rise and follow them, holding his arms, as far as two hills of sand, about a couple of hundred yards from the shore. They there kept him with all their weapons pointed toward him until they ascended the summit of the sands, and made him sit down among them.

The old man divided the piastres into three lots. Each Arab then wrapped up his lot in some piece of the plundered clothes of the crew. While this was going on, they had to let go one of the captain's arms, who, determining at all chances to escape, made a motion with that object at a time when all eyes seemed to be turned from him. In an instant one of the youths struck at him with a sabre. He eluded the blow by falling flat on the ground. The

youth was going to strike again, but the old man forbade him.

The money being divided, they were proceeding inland with the captain, holding his arms, when the thought struck him to tempt their avarice again, and thus get once more to the seaside. He told them by signs, that the crew had still more money left on board. They seemed pleased with the intelligence, and instantly reversed their route, after sending the money they had received, into the interior by one of the young men.

When about fifty fathoms from the shore, they made Captain Riley sit down, and held his arms, commanding him by signs to order the money on shore. He very well knew there was no more in the vessel, but thought that, if he could get Antonio, one of the company in the ship, on shore, he should be able to escape. He hailed the crew, and made signs for one of them to come to him, but they esteemed his situation so dangerous they had no inclination to venture.

Matters remained in this state for an hour, Riley being constantly threatened with death. The Arabs made him call with all his strength until he became so hoarse, that those who were near him could scarcely hear his voice.

At length one of the crew, in whom compassion had subdued fear, named Savage, came along the hawser, and was about to jump on shore, where they would have seized him, but the captain made him understand he must keep out of the reach of the Arabs. Savage then returned into the ship; and Antonio, the Spaniard, came from the vessel straight to the captain, who had by this time been withdrawn to a little distance from the sea. The Arabs, deceived in their desire to see the money, began to rifle poor Antonio's garments, and struck him and tortured him, that he might die slower. He demanded his life upon his knees without softening them. In the desire to mitigate their fury, the captain told him to make known to them by signs that he had buried piastres in the sand near where the tent had been. This was the tact. When Antonio had given them to understand this, some of them went to the place which was designated, and began to search.

Captain Riley was left sitting between the old savage and the stoutest of the two younger. The spot where the others were searching was some little distance behind. The two guardians of the captain, hearing a noise among them, turned their heads to whence it proceeded. He

watched the movement which their curiosity had caused, and springing on his legs in a moment, rushed to the shore, reached it in an instant, and, knowing that he was pursued, flung himself, at the critical moment, with all his strength headforemost into the sea, remaining below as long as his breathing would allow him ; and then, raising his head, he saw the Arab about ten feet from him up to the chin in water. He flung his lance just as a wave was passing over the captain's head, which drove the Arab back on the beach. After fresh efforts, the captain succeeded in reaching the vessel, and was speedily taken in, so exhausted as not to be able to observe what passed on shore.

In the meanwhile, the Arabs who had pursued the captain stood like statues on the beach, until they saw that he had gained the vessel and was safe. They then ran to where poor Antonio the Spaniard was, and killed him with the blow of a lance, after which they plundered him of all the clothes he had upon him, and went away into the interior.

CHAPTER IX.

RILEY'S STORY CONTINUED.

CAPTAIN RILEY and his crew were much affected at the end of the unfortunate Antonio. The captain accused himself of being the cause of the murder, and it was not without a good many reasonings, that he began to consider he was, after all, but the unintentional instrument of his fate.

It was now time to form some resolution for their future conduct. The Arabs might again be expected in greater force, and there was no chance of escape from their hands with life. The wind still blew fresh, and the waves broke over the ship with great violence. There was but little hope of getting out to sea in the long-boat, which leaked fast in every seam, so that there was the greatest chance of ultimately perishing in the attempt. The ship's sides were

giving way, and the deck was breaking up, so that a moment's delay might be fatal to any step they should resolve upon. Captain Riley now got below, and found under water a cask of fresh water with the bung fast.

They pulled up the cask, and filled out of it a small barrel, which contained sixteen quarts. They also put a second in the boat, out of which they drank ; and added some pieces of salt pork, a live pig weighing about twenty pounds, about four pounds weight of figs, which had been injured by the sea, and four hundred useless piastres, which one of the men brought from the shore when he had gone to bring back two broken oars.

Captain Riley now encouraged his men, and told them that Heaven still watched over them. He prayed fervently to God for protection, and soon afterward they all embarked during a temporary lull of the sea. They rowed about a mile from the shore, fortunate in escaping beyond the reach of the surf, and then they hoisted a sail. They were without a rudder, and the boat had lost her keel, but the wind was favorable, and they hoped, by its aid, to double Cape Bojador.

The boat was steered with an oar. U ifoi-

tunately they had no compass. The sun went down, and the night which followed, was exceedingly dark; the wind rose, and it continued to be fresh until the next morning. In the night they were near being carried upon the rocks which line the coast. The weather was very hazy, and they were in consequence forced to keep farther from the shore than they desired, and thus run the risk of missing any stream of fresh water from which they might renew their stock.

On the thirty-first of August the wind died away, but the atmosphere was still loaded with a cold humid fog. The pig being nearly dead for want of water, they killed it, preserving the blood, which they drank. They divided equally the liver and intestines, of which they ate a portion raw, to appease in some degree their terrible thirst, which had become the more insupportable from their being obliged to work constantly at the oars.

Night came and threatened a storm. The sea came in so fast, they were obliged to bale continually, and that night the boat was half full, so that they expected every wave would engulf them. The lightning, which was very vivid, flashing through the intense darkness of the

night, increased the horrors of their situation. The boat creaked, and seemed disjoining in all its parts. The crew were so fatigued that several of them ceased to labor any more, resigning themselves to their fate, and recommending their souls to God.

All the next day the wind continued to blow a storm, and did not cease on the following night. Their labor fatigued them exceedingly. The water gained upon them, and their provisions rapidly diminished. Captain Riley represented to the crew, that by remaining at sea, they must infallibly perish, and, come what might, it would be as well to die on shore. The company applauded the captain's opinion, and they consequently changed their course.

At six o'clock in the evening of the sixth of September, they were still out of sight of land, and they could not hope to remain afloat another day. The crew gave themselves up in despair. Fortunately, on the morning of the seventh, land was seen at a great distance. The sight reanimated their sinking spirits and wornout bodies. It appeared a perfect level, without the least trace of elevation; and Captain Riley thought, from its aspect, it must be the Great Desert, where death alone would be their lot.

A rapid current, attended with a noise like that of the tide forcing itself through a narrow passage among rocks, carried them rapidly toward the coast. They reached it about sunset, and discovered that it was formed of precipices which rose to a great height above the sea. No beach was seen, nor any path by which they might gain the brow of the heights.

Riley thought it best to keep at sea, and drive along the coast until daylight came and disclosed some spot where they might disembark without the danger of being drowned in the surf, which broke frightfully on the land. The others were for disembarking at all risks. They were then very near the shore, and seeing a small space, which looked like a sandy beach, they made for it at once. An enormous wave bore them on, and retiring, left them high and dry upon a little spot of sand, not much larger than the boat itself. On all sides pointed rocks arose, against which the sea broke with a horrible noise. They were grateful to Heaven that they were preserved in a situation, in which nothing short of a miracle seemed to have saved them from death.

They got out of the boat, and carried, above the reach of the surf, the water and provisions

which they had left. The boat was now staved completely. The unfortunate mariners knew not how they were situated. They could see over their heads enormous masses of rock, which also shut in the view on both sides. Want of exercise had made their limbs rigid, and their bodies were attenuated from lack of food. They were so fatigued, that they could hardly speak to be understood, and their mouths were parched up.

From the position of the coast, Captain Riley thought they must be close to Cape Blanco. He attempted with one of the people to climb on the rocks upon the western side, whence they might discover a path to the summit of the precipice, but in vain. They returned to their comrades, it being already dark, and found them preparing their bed on the sand among the rocks. They thanked God for their preservation, and prayed for a continuance of his goodness to them. They then fell asleep, and enjoyed a profound slumber until day broke.

On the eighth of September, at daylight, being refreshed by their sleep, they consulted what was best to be done. They determined to leave behind everything which might embarrass their progress, and to endeavor to advance eastward,

in the hope of finding some spot where they might dig for water, while they had strength left for that purpose, or else to gain the summit of the precipice above them, where they might find some herbs or plants, the juice of which might satiate the raging thirst, which tormented them now more than ever in consequence of their having eaten some muscles, which they met with on the rocks, and which were excessively salt

CHAPTER X.

RILEY'S STORY CONTINUED — SUFFERINGS OF HIM
AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE DESERT.

THE shipwrecked company now set out upon their forlorn enterprise. They agreed to keep together, and to render each other all the service in their power. They then divided the water, which they had left, each putting it into a bottle, and, taking their salt meat on their backs, they journeyed eastward. They buried their piastres in the sand, convinced that their money was one cause of the bad treatment they had already received.

During their march they were forced to climb steep and pointed rocks two and three hundred feet in height, and descend again to the very edge of the sea. Often they were obliged to wait until a wave retired, to pass from one to another. Frequently they were taken up to the

neck in water, and obliged to cling to the rocks to prevent the waves from carrying them away. The force of the currents, and the continued action of the sea upon this coast, perpetually undermined it; and immense masses of rock, sand, and gravel, fell from above and covered the beach, leaving intervals between them, which Captain Riley and his men were obliged to cross.

In one place they climbed a ridge of rock forty or fifty feet high, which was no more than eight inches broad. Yet higher, large blocks of stone hung loosely over their heads, detached from others still higher, which seemed ready to roll down and crush them to powder. A false step would have been fatal. Their shoes were rendered useless, and their feet were torn and bloody, while the sun's rays darted with intense heat upon their suffering bodies, so that they were scarcely able to sustain it. Not a breath of air stirred beneath these perpendicular cliffs to cool their burning blood.

Thus in laborious effort to proceed, the day passed away, and night came without bringing them relief. In spite of every exertion, they could not gain, in the whole day, more than four miles of distance, and their strength was com

pletely exhausted. They saw upon the rocks numerous dead insects, which they thought had been unable to gain the summit of the precipices, and had died of want. Hence they concluded that they should find above them some sort of herb, at least which would afford them nourishment sufficient to exist.

They found themselves that night in a situation where they could rest better than they had done on that which preceded it.

The place was about a hundred feet from the sea, and there they lay down after eating a morsel of salt pork, or rather greasing their mouths with it, and moistening their throats with their own water. After supplicating the Almighty to have pity on them in their misfortunes, they went to sleep. During the night, the temperature was so cold, that when they awoke, their limbs were stiff and dead with the chilliness and dampness of the atmosphere.

They set out on their march in the morning with renewed hopes, and in a little time discovered a sandy beach of considerable extent, from which, to the summit of the heights beyond, the path appeared easy. They hoped to be able to procure water at this place, which might be drunk, by digging in the sand near the edge of

the sea, and suffering it to filter into the hole, a measure they had recourse to with success in the little islands of the Bahama bank.

When they got near the place, they were arrested in their progress by a ledge of rocks which they could not climb, being as lofty as the cliffs about them, and the extreme termination of which jutted out into the sea. The waves broke upon it with violence and had undermined a portion of it in their attack of ages upon its base. Here then seemed to be a bar to their proceedings, which was insurmountable. At length Captain Riley discovered a rock which had been detached from the cliff above, and had fallen into the sea at a place about half way round the point, that was itself undermined and assailed furiously by every advancing wave, which it broke into volumes of foam. The piece of rock which had fallen from that above was left dry when the waves retired, but when they advanced it was covered with water.

To this rock Captain Riley ran when the surf retired, climbing up and holding fast by it until the waves passed over his head, reached the cliff and broke, when, having retired, he ran to another rock, and awaited upon it the recoil of the wave in the same manner: he thus reached

at last a rock, which the waves did not cover, and then the beach. His companions, observing the mode which he adopted, on imitating his example, met with the same success, and at length they all gained the sandy beach, and dug, but in vain, in search of water. That which came into the pit they excavated was as salt as the sea itself.

While his comrades tried an excavation in another place, Captain Riley mounted the cliff toward the land, and succeeded in reaching it. What was his horror to find an immense plain of desert land, extending as far as the eye could reach on every side! Not a tree, not a shrub, broke the melancholy uniformity of the arid view. Not an herb showed its leaf, nor a blade of grass waved in the hot breeze that swept the inhospitable and parched surface. The sight so overcame his feelings, that he fell to the ground devoid of sense and motion.

When he came to himself, it was some time before Captain Riley could recollect whereabouts he was. He felt a dreadful and burning thirst and he was obliged to have recourse to the revolting extremity already alluded to, to obtain a momentary cessation of his torment. Despair seized upon him, and he felt a temptation to fling himself into the sea as soon as he reached

it, and thus terminate his horrible suffering; but then came to his mind his wife, and children, to whom he was bound to return, if possible; the thought that he had escaped so many dangers already, and that he might escape the present; and finally, the knowledge that his comrades looked to him for an example of equanimity

He therefore descended to the beach to rejoin his men, and, finding a place on the shore favorable for a bath, he went in and remained for half an hour. This he found to refresh him very much, and almost to reanimate him. He joined his men in a livelier manner than they expected, and flung himself on the sand, being fatigued, while they laid themselves down around him to know what he had made out from the top of the cliff. He at first evaded the communication of the bad intelligence to them, and advised them to bathe, as he had done, before he conducted them to the cliff. They thought they should be unable to climb it, for it looked extremely steep and rugged. They then lay down in the shadow of a rock, which kept off the burning rays of the sun. The air was so hot, it was difficult to breathe, yet they slept soundly for two hours, during which a slight seabreeze came on, which imparted a little strength to their enfeebled limbs;

and then they prepared to scale the height by the aid of their hands and knees.

Although Captain Riley had prepared his companions for the dismal sight that was to meet their eyes, the lone perspective of the boundless and miserable desert was too much for them. They threw themselves on the ground. "This is enough," they cried, "here we must die! We have no hope to meet with water or provisions, or human beings, no, not even wild beasts — for nothing can exist here!"

Bitter tears ran over their burnt and famine-worn cheeks, which, strange to say, some of them were seen unconsciously conveying to their mouths in the agony of thirst. Captain Riley exhorted them to proceed into the interior, saying that aid might yet be obtained. Others seconded his advice, following on to the top of the cliff.

The surface of the ground was as hard as flint, composed of a mixture of sharp stones, gravel, and a reddish earth. They found a dry stem which somewhat resembled a parsnip, and before night saw some small holes which had evidently been excavated for the purpose of digging it up. At first they thought they might be the work of animals, but there was not the least trace of any

to be seen, and it was much more likely they were formed by the hands of man, a hope that served to animate them to exert their efforts to the last.

By the aid of stones and bits of stick they got away the earth from around some small roots, which tasted like celery, but they could not find enough to satisfy their appetites. About sunset they saw the footstep of a camel, and fancied they also saw one of a man. They now began to feel that another day of thirst must terminate their sufferings, yet they saw no more chance of getting water on the morrow than at that moment.

The sun had gone down, when they descried, about three miles off, what appeared a plain of sand. They went toward it as quick as they could, in the hope of sleeping upon the sand, the ground where they then stood being hard as a rock. Clark, one of the men, all at once, called out, "I think I see a light." It was, indeed, the light of a fire. The effect was electrical; hope seemed to revive in all their hearts. Captain Riley told them, in approaching the natives, to take the utmost precaution, and give them no alarm. They descended to a sandy spot, and fell asleep, all except the captain, who could not close his eyes, between hope and fear

On the nineteenth of September, at daybreak, Captain Riley awoke his comrades. He told them there was no doubt the Arabs would make them prisoners, but he hoped they would spare their lives. He gave them the name of the Consul of the United States at Tangier, and advised them, if they ever had the power, to write to him an account of their situation, and to request him to inform the consuls and merchants of other nations of their situation. He exhorted them to be resigned, and to remember the interpositions of Providence, which had already taken place in their behalf since the shipwreck.

They now set out, and had scarcely got over the little irregularities of the sand which were in front of them, when they saw a considerable train of camels, and a numerous body of men assembled in a sort of valley, formed by the sand-hills near the sea, and the cliffs on the other side. A steep path led to the summit of the eminences.

The Arabs seemed to be occupied in giving water to their camels. When they espied Captain Riley and his men, two women and a man came with all speed toward them. The captain and two others advanced, and when they met them, threw themselves with their faces to the ground, and implored their compassion by signs.

The man had a cimeter, and ran toward Captain Riley to cut him down, on which the captain prostrated himself anew. The man then proceeded to despoil him of his clothes, the women seizing two others for the same purpose. A troop of Arabs, about forty in number, some on foot and some on camels, came up at a very quick rate, when those who had plundered the seamen threw sand in the air, and uttered loud cries, which were afterward found to be a sign of hostilities. The Arab who had taken Captain Riley seized also the cook, a negro named Richard, and having put all the clothes in a covering, which he took off his own shoulders and placed the bundle on the back of the negro, made Captain Riley and the cook understand by signs that they belonged to him alone.

As soon as the other Arabs came up, those on the camels dismounted. They began to pull Captain Riley and the negro, first one and then another of them, every one saying he had the best right to them. They soon came to blows. Their large cimeters flashed in the air; blood flowed, and horrible wounds were inflicted by these savages on one another. Captain Riley feared he should be cut to pieces among them.

When the dispute was over, the crew were

divided among the troop, and the negro and Captain Riley were committed into the hands of two old women, who drove them with a stick toward the camels. Captain Riley showed them his dry and parched mouth. On arriving at a well, one of them called another female, who brought a large wooden bowl full of water. They made them go on their knees, and plunge their heads in the bowl as the camels do. Captain Riley drank nearly two pints of this water, which was as black and disgusting as bilge-water in a ship. They then emptied the bowl, and put into it a little sour camel's milk, which the captain thought delicious.

On asking for something to eat, they could get nothing from the Arabs, who had no provisions for themselves; and they appeared sorry they had none to offer. Upward of a hundred persons were round the well, men, women, and children, and not less than four hundred camels. The sun shot its burning rays upon the unfortunate Americans, so that their skin was as brown as if it had been roasted. The Arabs drew the water for their camels, who drank enormous quantities.

About ten o'clock in the morning, the mate and five seamen were mounted stark naked upon

camels, just behind the hump, by the hair of which they were obliged to hold fast. They bade adieu to each other in an affecting manner ; and the Arabs so far from interrupting them in their leave-taking, showed that they felt moved by the manner in which they conducted themselves.

Three of the ship's company, the negro and Captain Riley, remained with another troop of Arabs. After helping them to draw water for the camels, they filled a number of skins to go on the backs of the animals. Baskets were placed upon them for the women and children, and then they proceeded up the ascent. Captain Riley and the seamen travelled on foot, being employed to drive on the camels. The sand beneath was fine, and at every step they sank up to the knees. Captain Riley was so fatigued he feared he should be unable to reach the top of the eminence, and sat down for a moment on the sand ; upon which his master applied the stick upon him so vigorously he was glad to proceed at any rate. When they got in view of the desert, they halted to refresh the camels.

The Arabs seemed much amused at the trouble it cost the seamen to climb the eminence, and laughed as they beat them to make them go on.

Their wives and children, who were on foot during the ascent, mounted it without the least difficulty, but the camels were covered with foam. The Arabs now made the Americans get on the camels. That on which Captain Riley was mounted had scarcely anything but skin on his bones. The back, sharp and hard as the blade of an oar, made him suffer dreadfully. The Arabs were very curious to know where Captain Riley had been shipwrecked, and he tried to satisfy them.

The men instructed the women in the route they were to take, and they they set off on a full trot to the westward. The women were on foot, and were engaged in making the camels travel as fast as possible. The movement of these animals, hard and irregular, rubbed the thighs of the sailors so much, they were soon smeared with blood, while the burning African sun covered their bodies with blisters. It seemed as if every shock of the animals would dislocate their limbs.

Starved and thirsty they saw night approach, but the women who drove the camels showed no sign of stopping. Captain Riley and his comrades begged them to be allowed to get off

the camels, but they paid no attention to their request. The coldness of the night stanchd the blood which came from their wounds, but increased the pain of their blistered skins. At a moment when the camels were going very fast the captain and his men let themselves slip off the animals at the risk of breaking their necks. The manœuvre did not excite any pity in the Arabs, who made the camels go faster than before, so that they were obliged, in order to keep up with the animals, to run over sharp stones, which cut their feet, and bathed them in blood.

In this state Captain Riley's firmness left him, and he was on the point of ending his existence. The sufferings he and his comrades endured made them utter piercing cries. The camels were stopped. It was feared that the captives might be lost in the darkness of the night. They were made to mount again; and the animals were urged forward with the utmost speed until midnight. They then halted in a hollow about twenty feet under the level of the desert, and were made to sleep naked in the open air on the hard ground during a chilly, humid wind from the sea. They received from a woman about a pint of camel's milk each, fresh drawn from the animals, which was a cordial to them. They

lay as close to each other as they could, but Captain Riley did not close his eyes.

About eleven o'clock the next day they received from their female guardians a little more milk, and set out again, when, after a considerable journey, they reached some tents in a valley, and found their masters there. Some dispute arose about them, and the negro and captain remained with their old masters, while the others were claimed by fresh owners. Some women, who came to see them out of curiosity, spat upon them in scorn.

Upon arriving the next day in a small valley, the Arabs, on seeing the state of Captain Riley's skin, were touched with pity, and put up a tent for him to sleep under. Captain Riley found two of his comrades at this place, who had been separated just after they fell into the hands of the Arabs. About one hundred and fifty men were seen seated in conversation, the subject of which appeared to be the shipwrecked Americans.

One of the old men addressed Captain Riley, as well as he could understand by signs, about his country, where he was shipwrecked, what the cargo was, and to what nation they belonged. Captain Riley replied as well as he could, tha

they were English, indicating the position of the country. The Arabs paid great attention, and sometimes seemed to help the old man to comprehend what was said.

The old man asked if Captain Riley knew anything of the Emperor of Morocco. He replied, "Yes," and endeavored to make them understand, that if they would conduct him thither, he would pay them a ransom for himself and his companions. They shook their heads, and said they had nothing to sustain their camels on the road. No result beneficial to the seamen arose from this conversation.

Captain Riley, on the twelfth of September, having fallen into the hands of a new master, was sent to drive the camels. After proceeding about an hour, his feet became so cut by the sharp stones over which he passed, that he stooped from their tenderness till he was nearly double. Hamet, his first master, who was passing on a camel the same way, seeing him in such a plight, approached the other Arab, and took the covering from his shoulders and gave it to him; then coming up to Captain Riley, he made his camel kneel, placed a piece of skin behind the saddle, fastening it to the girths to prevent it sliding off, and then bade the captain

mount. He continued his progress with four men well armed and mounted. The sun shot its burning rays upon the captain's bare head and naked body, so that it seemed as if his scull were bursting into a hundred pieces, so severe was the pain. They stopped in a small valley where there were half a dozen tents pitched.

CHAPTER XI.

RILEY'S STORY CONTINUED.

THE family of Hamet seemed overjoyed to see him; but the women and children would not permit poor Riley to approach the tent. They struck at him with a stick, and threw stones toward him. Hamet gave him some milk and water in a bowl, which was a great relief.

At night the negro arrived with the camels. Another of the seamen, named Hogan, also came up. They were all three claimed as the property of Hamet. The cabin-boy had become the property of an old Arab with a very bad countenance. Hamet was of a whiter complexion than most of the Arabs. He made his captives sleep on the ground without any shelter, but he brought them warm milk two or three times during the day. The next morning they set out on foot.

Captain Riley saw one of his comrades named Williams upon a camel. He was in a pitiable condition, said he felt he should die, and begged his remembrance might be carried to his wife and children. His master came up at the moment, and ordered the camel to move on. Riley bade Williams farewell, and almost forgot his own sufferings in viewing those of his shipmate. Riley had delayed about a quarter of an hour, and was obliged to run to overtake the camels. His master saw him, and made the camels halt until he came up, when he shook his stick over Riley's head as a threat in case he remained behind again. He then told his comrade and Riley to drive on the camels as fast as they were able.

In an hour the Arab came up to Riley again, and made a sign for him to approach. He was joined by an old man of tall stature, black as a negro, and of a most villanous countenance, who was accompanied by two youths, his sons, and others. After striking a hard bargain, the stranger purchased Riley and took him away. He was on foot, yet walked as fast as the camels. He never ceased to urge Riley to follow quicker, which in his miserable state was impossible. He then went behind him with a stick, and

struck him to make him go faster, but the horrible pain in which he was, prevented his increasing his pace. One of the youths, still more cruel than the father, made him carry his double-barrelled musket, and the old man then ceased to molest him.

The desert appeared over its far spread extent like the sea in a calm. Camels could be seen even at the utmost distance if above the horizon. About four o'clock they halted, and Riley resigned the burden he had been made to carry. His masters ordered him to lie down in the shade of their tent. He asked for water, but could not obtain any. The Arabs went to their prayers. Thinking to move the hearts of the women, Riley explained to them that he was dying of thirst. They spat at him, and drove him away from the tent, and he was obliged to remain in the burning sun until night came on.

The male Arabs who had been absent came back at sunset and said their prayers, in which the women and children took no part. One of the seamen named Clark arrived with some camels. He was in a deplorable state, and said he drew near his last hour. Humid cold succeeded the heat of the day. Riley begged the

Arab to let them sleep under a corner of the tent, to which he seemed to give his consent, but the women prevented it.

When the camels were milked, about a bottle of excellent milk was given to Riley and his comrade, and when the women were asleep, one of the youths, called Omar, told them to come without making a noise, under a corner of the tent, where they slept soundly until morning. The women, when they awoke, were going to drive them out, but the old Arab forbade them. They remained all that day at rest, and were permitted to remain under a corner of the tent. A piece of skin was thrown to them for a coverlet, and water and milk were given to them. This rest and two nights of sleep recruited them a little.

The next three days they travelled southeast, about thirty miles a day, evidently in search of something to nourish their camels. The valleys or hollows became fewer and less deep. Dry thorny bushes alone were met with, on which the camels could not browse but with difficulty, though they bit off branches as large as a man's thumb. Their milk diminished so that the allowance to each person was shortened. The water, too, was nearly finished.

These Arabs possessed four mares, which were thin as skeletons, and obtained nothing but milk and water. Riley and his comrade were become so weak and thin they could hardly keep their legs. The Arabs were nearly as starved as their slaves. They searched under every bush, in the hope of finding some plant which could be eaten. One kind which they devoured was extremely bitter; another resembled a tasteless onion, but even these were rare.

The Arabs now commenced a retrograde march toward the sea. In a narrow valley they found some bushes about two feet high. Riley met with some snails, most of them dry and dead. Those which were alive he collected and grilled, inviting his comrades to partake. They were a welcome resource, as, except a small measure of milk, they had received nothing for twenty-four hours.

On the twenty-first they quickened their pace. They encountered five others of the crew that day, who seemed worse off than themselves. They were employed as camel-drivers, and paid with blows. Riley and his comrade were left in idleness by their master, who possessed fifty or sixty camels, and appeared to be a sort of priest, as the other Arabs came to him at night to perform their devotions.

About the middle of the day, two strangers appeared upon camels loaded with merchandise. They dismounted and sat under the tent. The Arabs had gone out with their camels and arms to search for plunder. The strangers appeared to be merchants trading, and held a conversation with the women respecting their goods. One of the women, in whom Riley had never seen any sentiments of pity, now came to him, and told him that Sidi Hamet was arrived with goods, and if he chose, could buy him, and give him an opportunity of seeing his wife and children again.

Riley took an opportunity of going to the tent of Sidi Hamet to beg some water, showing him his parched mouth. Sidi asked if he was the Reis or captain, and he made a sign in the affirmative; when, though his brother Arab refused to give Riley the water, Sidi took the vessel, and pouring out about a bottle, said, "Tcheroub Reis!" (Drink, Captain). Riley drank about half, and begging the blessing of Heaven upon Sidi Hamet, was retiring to his tent to take the rest to his comrade Clark, who lay nearly expiring for thirst, when Sidi Hamet wanted him to drink it, but pointing to his comrade, the compassionate Arab suffered him to take it.

At the return of the Arabs, about two hundred in number, they held consultations. The crowd of company in the tent forced Riley and his companion to sleep in the open air. The old Arab brought them about a pint of milk each, the first food he had given them for three days. They concluded from this he was unwilling they should die, as he had an opportunity of disposing of them. The next morning Sidi Hamet desired Riley to sit by him on the ground. The latter had picked up a few Arabic words, and generally guessed the purport of the conversation. He asked his country, to which Riley replied *English*, and that he and his companions wished to return home.

Sidi was touched with compassion. Riley begged him to purchase himself and companions and take them to Morocco, where he had a relation who would pay a good ransom for them. He said he could not do that, but could bring them to Souarah, a walled town and seaport.

He asked some questions about the Sultan of Morocco, and asked how much money Riley would give to be conducted out of the desert. The latter immediately counted down fifty small stones, indicating that he would pay as many piastres for every one of his crew. He then

asked how much should be given for himself above the fifty piastres. Riley replied a hundred would be paid by his friend at Souarah. Sidi Hamet then said he would buy Riley, but if he was deceived, he would cut the captain's throat. Riley in vain tried to persuade him to buy one of the crew named Horace, who had been very ill treated. He objected on account of the difficulty of conducting so many across the desert. Sidi desired the utmost secrecy as to the negotiation.

Riley now visited three of his comrades, all of whom were in the troop. They appeared in a most deplorable condition. Sidi Hamet put many questions regarding them to Riley, who did all he could to interest him in their favor, and gave them hopes that the good Arab would buy them all.

On the twenty-fourth, the tribe began to move to the northwest, and the two merchants moved with them. The next day Sidi Hamet gave the old Arab two woollen blankets, a piece of blue cotton, and some ostrich feathers, as the price of Riley. The cabin-boy, named Horace, was bought on the supposition of his being Riley's son; and the three men, named Savage, Clark, and Hogan, were, after much difficulty, purchased

by Sidi Hamet. A camel was killed that night by Sidi Hamet for food; it was a mere skeleton, and the other Arabs stole the greater part of the flesh. What little remained on the bones was cut off the next morning and hung up to dry.

About mid-day, Horace, the cabin-boy, was brought to Riley, nearly dead of hunger and thirst. "Reis," said Sidi Hamet, "behold your son!" A little water, found in the stomach of the dead camel, was given to him, which he declared delicious.

Preparations were made the next day for setting out. A pair of sandals was made for Captain Riley and each of his men, and a small knife being suspended round the captain's neck as a mark of distinction, he had the camels, baggage, and slaves, intrusted to his care. Some of the crew did not believe the Arab would conduct them to Souarah. Sidi said, on the other hand, that he had expended all he possessed, and that if Captain Riley had not told him the truth, he should be a ruined man. He said his own brother was a bad man, having at first done all he could to hinder the purchase, and then having consented to take a share in the speculation.

On the twenty-eighth, at day-break, they

departed to water at the spot where they were first seen. The camels had then been eighteen days without water, and the well was two days' journey distant. Just as they were about to depart, Robins, another sailor, made his appearance with his master. Sidi had no means to purchase him, but Riley told him that, on recovering his liberty, he would take means to purchase him and the others who remained behind, and begged him to assure the others that remained of the same thing.

The crew had consisted of ten persons besides Riley, and Antonio, who was killed, namely, Williams and Savage, first and second mates; Porter, Robins, Burns, Clark, Barret, and Hogan, seamen; Horace Savage, cabin-boy, and the negro Richard, cook. Of these, Savage, Burns, Horace, Clark, and the captain were purchased by Sidi, and set out for Souarah, leaving five whites and the negro behind them. Sidi and his brother were mounted on two old camels. Sidi placed Savage, Burns, and Horace upon another large one; Riley and Clark upon another. They were joined by a young Arab, who had been the master of Savage, and all proceeded on at a heavy trot. They stopped in a hollow, where Sidi gave Riley a piece of cloth

to cover him, which he declared he had stolen, and that he could not raise another piece for Horace, on which Riley kissed his hand as an acknowledgment. Savage and Horace had a piece of goat-skin each added to what they had remaining of covering; Burns had a miserable jacket, and Clark a piece of old cloth, so that they were well clothed to what they had been. After two days of fatiguing travel they arrived on the edge of a deep gulley, which appeared to have been once the bed of a river, or perhaps an arm of the sea. It was at least five hundred feet deep. After long search, a place was found where the camels could descend. All dismounted, when they had got down the worst part of the declivity, two of the Arabs being in front to find water with musket in hand. Sidi Hamet kept Captain Riley by his side, and the camels were led in a string behind. All were equally sufferers, having had nothing to drink from the evening before. Sidi Hamet again alluded to the ransom and to Riley's promises.

Having searched for nearly an hour, he made a sign for Riley to mount where he was, near the foot of a precipice almost perpendicular. On reaching him and not seeing the water, Riley began to weep bitterly, thinking they were all about

to perish of thirst. He pointed to a cleft in the rock below them ; and there was the water, but the cleft was too precipitous to enter ; at fifty feet further on, however, there was an easy access to it. Riley drank abundantly, and found it excellent ; the others followed his example. A great bowl was then filled and passed upward to those above, and a goat-skin was filled for the large camel, which it emptied fifteen times, taking down at least two hundred and forty bottles. Sidi Hamet said the animal had not drunk for twenty days. The others drank nothing near the quantity in proportion to their size. Two skins of the water were filled and carried away, and they continued their journey eastward. In many places they found the ground incrustated with salt in this dark hollow, which was if possible more dreary than the desert. They mounted with difficulty to the desert again, on account of the camels, that ascended with great hazard. On arriving at the summit they were tormented with hunger, being reduced to an ounce of dried camel's flesh a head.

On the thirtieth of September they proceeded rapidly, and not long after, a camel was seen at a vast distance, a mere speck in the horizon, and about sunset they came up with a troop, who

invited Sidi Hamet and the rest to their encampment. These Arabs had some of the clothes which had been lost in Riley's vessel when it was cast away. After being very civilly treated by these Arabs, they set out again, taking a kind leave of the hospitable tribe. On the fourth of October, the surface of the desert became more sandy, and appeared moveable; it was heated by the sun to a burning temperature. From some places hills of sand were seen.

The wind oftentimes whirled the sand in their faces. Even the camels were distressed by it, and sunk into it so deeply as to make the journey fatiguing to them. On the sixth they saw the sea. Seid and Abdallah, two of the Arabs attached to their party, stole two camels, and robbed the owner, whom they found asleep on the sand. They turned the camels loose again, taking from them a sack of corn. The owner of the camels came up, and charged them with robbing him, when they restored him his goods.

In this manner they continued their route day by day, sometimes nearly famished, and at others scantily supplied. On the fourteenth they reached the coast, which was bordered by a perpendicular cliff from two to three hundred feet high. They also met with a woman who spoke a little

Spanish, and was very kind to them. In one place Savage was near being sacrificed to the ferocity of the Arabs, but was preserved by Sidi Hamet.

CHAPTER XII.

RILEY'S ADVENTURES CONCLUDED

As the American captives continued on their journey, the country began to improve. Troops of camels were frequently seen, and arms of superior workmanship. At one place Captain Riley was questioned by an Arab, who understood a little Spanish; and he discovered that Souarab was the city Europeans call Mogadore.

They reached a pleasant valley on the twenty-second, and remarked that, in the desert, they had seen no instance of sickness among the Arabs; but the moment they entered the cultivated land they had applications to use their skill to cure those who were diseased, being, as all Europeans are, taken for physicians. At a vast distance an elevated spot was seen above the ocean as they travelled over the summit of a hill. It looked like an island. Sidi Hamet said it was Souarah, and that it was ten days' journey.

On the twenty-third the Arab Seid became quarrelsome, assaulted Horace, the cabin-boy, and threatened to kill him, and Sidi had difficulty in appeasing the young barbarian. They were hospitably treated by an old Arab, for the first time, with more than they could eat.

After the repast Sidi Hamet announced that he should set out for Souarah, or Mogadore, the next day, and requested a letter to Captain Riley's friend, saying, he hoped he was not deceived; if he were, Riley should die, and his comrades be sold. Seid and Ben Mahommed were to remain to take care of them during Sidi Hamet's absence. Captain Riley knew no one at Mogadore, but ventured a letter, detailing his miserable situation. He addressed it: "To the English, French, Spanish, or American consuls, or to any Christian merchants at Mogadore or Souarah." Sidi Hamet then departed.

The Americans remained in expectation seven days, treated in a horrible manner lest they should escape. Sidi Mahommed returned on the eighth day. He entered with a Moor, who inquired in English how the captain did. Hope and fear assailed him and his companions by turns. The Moor asked the captain if he spoke Spanish, who replying in the affirmative, he said,

“ I am come from Mogadore ; an Englishman has read your letter, the best of men ; he has paid your ransom to Sidi Hamet, and made me set off without taking leave of my wife and family. I have travelled day and night to come to you.”

The Moor handed Captain Riley a letter, which both the captain and mate were for some time too much overcome to read. It was from Mr. Wiltshire, the English consul, saying he had sent to Captain Riley, by Reis-el-Cossim, who would receive the captain's orders, and that he had agreed to pay Sidi Hamet nine hundred and twenty-five piastres upon the arrival of the captain and his comrades at Mogadore. Mr. Wiltshire had retained Sidi Hamet as a hostage until their arrival. He recommended them to travel by easy journeys, so as not to fatigue themselves, and had sent provisions and garments for them. Tears of joy streamed down the faces of the poor captives at this intelligence. They saw their sufferings near a close, and were grateful to God for it.

The next morning they set out with Seid, the brother of Sidi Hamet, the Moor, Ben Mahommed, Sidi Mahommed, and Sheik Ali, an Arab of note, with whom they had recently made an acquaintance. All were armed. Sheik

Ali was the head of a powerful tribe, and could command ten thousand men when he pleased. He had married the daughter of Sidi Hamet.

They slept at a town called Schlema, the first night, and the next day saw Mount Atlas on their right. The wind blowing from the snowy summits made them quake with the cold. Sheik Ali wished Captain Riley to remain with him, and offered him his daughter in marriage.

At a town called Stouka they were delayed at the gates, and suffered much from the cold wind. Reis-el-Cossim at length told them, that Muley Hassan, the friend of Sheik Ali, at his instigation, had determined to keep them until fifteen hundred piastres should be paid down for their ransom. Reis-el-Cossim was on the point of returning to Mr. Wiltshire with the news, when Sidi Mahommed came up and said, that Muley Hassan and Sheik Ali would not suffer him to go, fearing he might cause a war with the Sultan.

Sidi Mahommed, seeing Riley cast down, said, "I will go to Souarah, and take a letter from the Reis-el-Cossim, and Riley, to Mr. Wiltshire. I will remain with him as a hostage. I have two wives, and seven children, houses, land, and beasts; I shall be a more valuable hostage than

Sidi Hamet. He who is your friend will come and free you himself. God is merciful. I will restore you to your family."

Captain Riley kissed the hand of Sidi, called him his father, and hoped God would recompense him. Reis-el-Cossim ran to find the Reis Muley Hassan. The Reis and Sheik Ali each asserted his right to the Americans. The Reis then interrogated Sidi Mahommed and Ben Mahommed, who gave testimony in favor of Reis-el-Cossim. They were then conducted to a house next to that of Muley. A mat was spread for the Arabs, and Captain Riley and his men were placed in a corner among the baggage. Armed men were stationed at the doors of the house and the gates of the town.

On the second of November, paper was brought, and Captain Riley wrote to Mr. Wiltshire, describing the state of things. A letter was also written by a scribe from the Reis. Seid, Sidi Mahommed, and Ben Mahommed set off with them, promising to return in four days. Sheik Ali also went away, saying, in four days he would return. Reis-el-Cossim assured Captain Riley and his men, their detention would not be long. He added, that he had gained the good-will of the chief Muley Hassan, who ruled

there. He consoled them with arguments and eloquence, which astonished them, and made them view him with respect. He so conciliated Muley Hassan toward them, that he sent them eggs, and pullets, and wood to cook them, together with pot-herbs. From these they made soup, which was of great service to their enfeebled stomachs.

The second day an old man arrived, to whom Reis-el-Cossim had written. He brought money to pay for what had been had upon the credit of Sheik Ali, and two baskets of provisions. Reis-el-Cossim had so won over Muley Hassan, that he would not suffer payment to be made on behalf of the captives, and gave his word he would protect them. He even offered to escort them with his guards to the frontier of the Emperor of Morocco. Reis expressed himself satisfied with the prince's word. On the following day he went to a fair near Stouka, and afterward to a hadji, who had made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Every one regarded his word as sacred. Reis bought an ox, and sent this hadji half, and the other half to Muley Hassan. In the evening the hadji called upon Reis, and offered him his services. Reis begged him to force Sheik Ali, who was so powerful a man, to suffer them to

travel quietly to Santa Cruz. The hadji promised his aid.

On the third of November, Sheik Ali returned alone. The hadji counselled him to conduct Captain Riley and his friends to Santa Cruz without loss of time, as another sheik, whom he well knew, would seize them. After this, Sheik Ali sought Muley Hassan, and tried to get his consent to carry off his captives at night, which the Moor refused. Seeing himself foiled, he sought out the Reis, and offered to conduct the captives to Santa Cruz, and on their visit to Sidi Hamet arrange the affair amicably. Reis was not to be outdone; he consented to go if Muley Hassan would procure an escort, which he agreed to do; and he actually sent two hundred horsemen to protect them, to Santa Cruz, from any surprise on the part of Sheik Ali.

They left Stouka on camels, and passed through a tolerably fertile country; reaching Santa Cruz or Agadir before sunset. Reis did not wish to enter until it was night, for fear of insult, and they stopped about a mile from the town, which they entered before it was quite dark, and found the streets filled with Moors of all ages, who grossly insulted them. Some old men, however,

were more polite, and addressed them in a language half English and half Spanish.

After supper, Reis recommended Captain Riley to be vigilant, as he suspected fresh treachery on the part of Sheik Ali. He went away, and soon learned that the chief was intriguing with the governor. He recommended Captain Riley to rise, and that they should all set out four leagues from the town, where they would be safe. They marched as quickly as possible, and had made about three leagues when they heard the feet of horses approaching through the obscurity of the night, and were fortunate enough to find it was Sidi Hamet and his friends, with four Moors, sent by Mr. Wiltshire to pay the money and receive the captives, bringing mules for the purpose.

The money was counted out by the chief Moor to Sidi Hamet, and the captives being given into his hands by Sidi, they joyfully proceeded to Mogadore with three of the Moors. They were rejoined the next morning by Reis-el-Cossim, Sidi Hamet, Seid, and Sidi Mahommed, the chief Moor, who had gone to Santa Cruz. Muley Hassan's escort and Sheik Ali returned home. The Sheik was furious at being outwitted.

The next day they came in sight of Mogadore. What their feelings were at seeing a vessel lying

in the port, with the English flag flying, may be imagined. Captain Riley's emotions were almost too much for his strength. They passed the palace about two miles from Mogadore, and thought the scene around them was enchanting. Mr. Wiltshire, the worthy consul, to whom they were indebted for their liberation, welcomed them with the American colors, and came out on horseback to meet them. His kindness to them they acknowledged with tears of gratitude.

Captain Riley found a letter from our consul at Gibraltar, announcing the payment of the ransom money, which Mr. Wiltshire had advanced on their behalf. The captain and his men left Mogadore on the fourth of January, and reached Tangier on the nineteenth. Here they were liberally welcomed by the American consul, with whom they remained some time for the purpose of recruiting their health.

On the twentieth of March, Captain Riley arrived in New York, and was restored to his family, to their great joy, as they had long despaired of seeing him. Of his four companions, two took passage in the same ship, and two arrived soon afterward. The rest of the crew, except two who died in the desert, were ransomed by Mr. Wiltshire.

Captain Riley published his adventures, which were considered so wonderful as to be disbelieved by many. Of their truth there can now be little doubt. For many years he traded to Mogadore, and died at sea, on a return voyage from the Mediterranean, in the year 1839, maintaining a character for worth and integrity to the end of his days

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE STRANDING OF THE MEXICO ON HEMPSTEAL
BEACH.

THE barque Mexico, Captain Winslow, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 25th of October, 1836. Her company consisted of one hundred and four passengers, besides thirty-three children, and a crew of twelve men; in all, one hundred and forty-nine souls.

After a long and tedious passage, during which the passengers suffered terribly from hunger, the ship, on Saturday, the 31st December, at eleven in the forenoon, made the Woodland, on the Jersey shore; ran down and hove to, on seeing the light on the Highlands. The next morning they bore up to Sandy Hook, and at seven were near the bar; previous to which they had had a signal flying for a pilot, and then hoisted a signal of distress, as, from the length of the passage, the passengers had been out of

provisions, and had, for eleven days, been served only with a biscuit each from the ship's stores. They saw a steamer, which had towed a vessel out, taking another and towing her in; and although the steamer must have seen the signal of distress, yet neither steamer nor pilot came to their relief. A number of vessels also came in view with signals flying for pilots.

With a degree of anxiety not to be expressed, as no pilots appeared, Captain Winslow had to stand off, under the most distressing circumstances. It had snowed the preceding night, and the weather was bitterly cold. On Monday he again got within view of the Hook, with signals of distress and signals for a pilot still flying. He fired several guns, and yet no pilot appeared. He stood off, but fearing to be blown off too far, short of provisions as they were, kept the lead going, and as near shore as possible.

Worn down with fatigue, Captain Winslow went below, and after some time asked the mate, "what soundings?" "Fifteen fathoms," was the reply, which depth gave fifteen miles off the land, and that was believed to be ample for safety; but this proved to be a fatal mistake. The course was continued, and at five o'clock

on Tuesday morning, the Mexico struck the Hempstead beach.

The thermometer at this time stood at four degrees above zero. The wind was along the sea, and the surf was running high. Shortly after, the rudder went, the main and mizenmasts were cut away, and the water began to rise in the hold. The spray, as it swept over the unfortunate company, was congealed almost instantly.

The passengers, finding the water gaining in the hold, and seeing no hope of saving their baggage, seized on what was most valuable. Those who had money fastened it round their bodies. There were found in a small silk handkerchief two prayer-books, which seemed to be the only articles of value their owners regarded in their great peril. They were Roman Catholic prayer-books, one belonging to a man, and the other to a woman.

The situation of the ship soon attracted numbers to the beach. Miserable as was the situation of those in the ship, from cold, hunger, and exhaustion, all were alive as yet. But the imagination can alone depict the heart-rending scene on board. Wife clung to husband, sister to brother, and child to parent; and the

accents of their despair mingled with the dash of the relentless breakers and the howling of the wind. As the day wore away, the captain launched the long-boat, making fast a hawser to it. Hope revived; but by the pitching of the vessel, the hawser was broken, and the long-boat which was to have borne them to the shore, gained the beach in safety but never returned.

The people on the beach manifested the greatest solicitude in behalf of the shipwrecked company; and at length Mr. Raynor Smith, with six volunteers, who had come to aid Mr. Seaman, the wreck-master, though at the peril of their lives, put off through the surf, and got to the bowsprit, in some degree protected from the sea, when three passengers and three seamen dropped down by ropes into the boat, as also the captain and young master Broome, all of whom with difficulty reached the shore.

The British consul, who visited the scene, says: "I confess I am utterly unable to proceed in the painful detail, of which I know no parallel; and the only consolation — while I am writing at the beach, so near the scene, with many of the dead bodies, as it were, before me — is that their sufferings are ended. The state of the tide, the violence of the surf and spray, the

intense cold, that turned to ice every dash of the waves which touched the boat and oars, obliged the brave Smith and his heroic party to abandon all hope of returning to the vessel; and, O horrible alternative! they drew the boat out of the surf on the beach. And who saw this just as the sun was setting on that fatal day? One hundred and eight persons, big with the hope that they had crossed the Atlantic, some that they were to embrace their parents, others their wives, children, or kindred.

“What tongue can speak the misery, the despair, the suffering of one hundred and eight of our fellow-beings, twelve hours in this state of suspense and anguish? And now, the sun declining, the people on the beach might be seen mournfully withdrawing from the cries of the devoted sufferers, whom the spray and the frost were fast binding to one another—all prospect of relief extinct. Some of the humane people, who lingered on the shore, say that the cries and supplications were distinctly heard during the evening; but they gradually died away, and before eleven o’clock at night not a voice from the wreck was heard.”

As fast as the remorseless ocean threw up the frozen bodies on the strand, they were snatched

from the surf by the humane spectators, who, after freeing them from the ice and tangled seaweed with which they were enveloped, carried them to a place of shelter; where the British consul, the sheriff, and the coroner of the county were in waiting to make arrangements for the burial.

A gentleman who visited the building in which the bodies were placed gives the following affecting details: "Forty or fifty bodies of both sexes and of all ages were lying promiscuously before me over the floor, all frozen, and as solid as marble; and all except a few in the very dresses in which they perished; some with their hands clinched as if for warmth; and almost every one with an arm crooked and bent, as it would be in clinging to the rigging.

"There were scattered about, among the number, four or five beautiful little girls, from six to sixteen years of age, with their calm blue eyes open, looking you in the face as if they would speak. I could hardly realize that they were dead. I touched their cheeks, and they were frozen as hard and solid as a rock; and not the least indentation could be made by any pressure of the hand. I could perceive a resemblance, and supposed them to be the daugh-

ters of a Mr. Pepper, who perished, together with his wife and whole family.

“There were a brother and sister dashed upon the beach, locked in each other’s arms; but they had been separated in the barn. All the men had their lips firmly compressed together, and with the most agonizing expression on their countenances I ever beheld. A little girl had raised herself on tiptoe, and thus was frozen just in that position. It was an awful sight; and such a picture of horror was before me that I became unconsciously fixed to the spot, and found myself trying to suppress my ordinary breathing, lest I should disturb the repose of those around me. I was aroused from my revery by the entrance of a man, the coroner.

“As I was about to leave, my attention became directed to a girl, who, I afterward learned, had come that morning from the city to search for her sister. She had sent for her to come over from England, and had received intelligence that she was in the Mexico. She came into the barn, and the second body she cast her eyes upon was her sister’s. She gave way to such a burst of impassioned grief and anguish, that I could not behold her without sharing her feelings. She threw herself upon the cold and icy face and

neck, and thus, with her arms around them, remained wailing, moaning, and sobbing till I came away; and when some distance off, I could hear her calling her by name, in the most frantic manner.

“And to observe the stout, rugged sailors, too, whose iron frames could endure such hardships—here they lay, masses of ice! Such scenes show us, indeed, how powerless and feeble are all human efforts, when contending against the storms and tempests which sweep with resistless violence over the face of the deep. And yet the *Mexico* was so near the shore, that the shrieks and moans of the poor creatures were heard through that bitter night, till, toward the morning, the last groan died away, and all was hushed in death; and the murmur of the raging billows was alone audible.”

After the storm the wreck was approached; and here and there were seen columns, pillars of ice, which had formed on the frozen bodies, as the sea broke over them. The humane inhabitants of Hempstead paid due funeral honors to all that were found. About three hundred dollars belonging to the unfortunate passengers, and which were never claimed by their relatives, were, in the year 1840, appropriated by the

legislature of New York for the erection of monument over their remains.

The Mexico was a substantial eastern built vessel of two hundred and eighty tons, eleven years old, and owned by Mr. Samuel Broome of New York, whose brother, a lad, was saved. The seven men who courageously went off to the barque, after dragging their boat ten miles, and to whose efforts the eight who were saved owed their lives, received from the owner a gratuity of fifty dollars each. The people in the neighborhood did their utmost. They cut wood and built a fire, so that if any of the sufferers should by any chance get on shore alive, everything might be ready for their relief.

The unfortunate passengers were of a very superior class, and had considerable property with them. On the bodies which drifted ashore, gold to some amount was found.

This fatal wreck was the cause of the entire remodelling of the pilot system by the legislature of New York; so that at all times there should be a sufficient number of pilots off the harbor to meet any exigences. Their other duties were also defined, and commissioners appointed to oversee them.

Laws were also passed, obliging the owners

of passenger ships to fully supply them with provisions, so that, in the event of a lengthened passage, they should not be in danger of starvation from a deficiency of ships' stores.

CHAPTER XIV.

WRECK OF THE AMERICAN WHALE-SHIP MENTOR.

THE reader has heard of Prince Le Boo, and the shipwreck of the Antelope on the Pelew Islands. Peculiar interest attaches to the following narrative, as it confirms many of the statements in Wilson's narrative, and introduces us to a novel field of adventure.

In July, 1831, the ship *Mentor* of New Bedford, Massachusetts, Edward C. Barnard master, sailed on a whaling voyage to the Indian Ocean.

After touching at the Azores, she doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and passed through the straits of Madagascar to the Indian Ocean. She cruised among the islands without success, and then the captain endeavored to pass through the straits of Timor in order to reach the Pacific Ocean, but was prevented by adverse winds and currents, and accordingly altered his course, intending to touch at Ternate, the principal of the

Spice Islands. But he passed this island, and coursing down the island of Mortay, to its furthest point, altered the ship's destination and shaped his way for the Ladrone Islands.

Soon after they left the Island of Mortay a violent storm came on, which lasted three days and nights. During all this time they were unable to take an observation. All the sails except the topsail, which was close reefed, were taken in. In this manner they were sailing, not apprehending danger, when, about eleven o'clock at night on the twenty-first of May, 1832, just at the time of relieving the watch, the ship struck with great violence on the coral-reef extending to the northward and eastward of the Pelew Islands. The ship ran directly on the rocks, and struck three times in quick succession, the waves dashing over and around with tremendous violence.

All was now confusion and dismay. The ship, immediately after striking the third time, swung round so as to bring her starboard side to the windward, and was in a moment thrown upon her beam-ends. While in this awful condition, the captain rushed upon deck, and asked of the second mate, "Where are we?" The reply was, "I don't know, but I think there is land

to the leeward." There was no time for deliberation. It seemed as if the immediate destruction of the ship were inevitable.

In the midst of the uproar, the mate gave orders for lowering the larboard quarter-boat. His directions were immediately complied with, and ten of the crew threw themselves into it. They were never heard of more!

Soon after the departure of the first boat, the captain, thinking it impossible for the ship to hold together till morning, ordered his own boat to be let down. Some of the men had resolved upon remaining on the ship to the last; and considering it impossible for a boat to live, they expostulated with the captain, endeavoring to persuade him not to make the experiment. The crew, after cutting away the masts for the relief of the ship, succeeded, after great exertion, in lowering the boat. The captain, and three seamen, named Bouket, Sedon, and Jones, immediately placed themselves in it, and commenced preparations for leaving those who would not join them in the enterprise.

In compliance with the captain's request, a rope was fastened about his waist, so that, should the boat be destroyed, he might have some chance of being rescued. He and his compan-

ions were furnished with the necessary nautical instruments, a log-book, a bag of clothing, a small quantity of bread in a tin tureen, and a keg of water.

The boat was at this time suspended by her falls, and, with a view of letting themselves down, the captain stood in the stern, and Bouket in the forward part of the boat, both having hold of the falls. Sedon still held on by the boat's lashing. Jones had nothing in his hands. At this conjuncture, a tremendous sea broke into the boat, and dashed it in pieces. So complete was the destruction, that not a fragment was afterward seen. Jones was drowned by the accident. Sedon saved himself by climbing into the ship. Bouket, being an expert swimmer, swam round to the leeward side of the ship, caught hold of some part of the rigging, and thus escaped. The captain was drifted away to nearly the distance of one hundred and fifty yards; but he was drawn on board by the rope, which he had taken the precaution to fasten about his waist, weak and exhausted, though without receiving any serious injury.

Having in so short a space lost one half their number, the crew, after a consultation, agreed to remain upon the deck till daylight. In a state

of suspense and suffering they clung to the rigging, and with much difficulty kept themselves from being washed away. Their prospects were gloomy enough.

At daybreak land was seen at the distance of twenty or thirty miles ; and this the eleven survivors, with a few arms and a small stock of provisions, in their only remaining boat, resolved they would attempt to reach. They left the vessel, and, after rowing three miles, landed on a rock, which presented a surface of fifteen or sixteen rods in length. Here they remained over night.

They succeeded in taking an eel, a few crabs, and a small quantity of snails. They collected a sufficient number of sticks, with a few pieces of drift-wood, which had lodged upon the rock, to make a fire. With this they cooked their fish and snails ; and, with a small allowance of bread, made what they thought a sumptuous repast. After the meal was finished, they prepared for the night. At a little distance from the boat a tent was erected, by the aid of their clothes and pieces of canvass. Some kept watch while the others slept, and in the morning they found themselves considerably refreshed.

At sunrise a canoe, containing twenty-two

natives, came off to them from the next island, from which, it seems, they had been watched. The appearance of these savages was strange and inhuman. They were entirely naked. Every one was armed with a spear and tomahawk. Some had battle-axes. They were fantastically tattooed on different parts of their bodies. Their hair, naturally coarse and black, like that of the Indians of America, was very long, and hung loosely over their shoulders, giving them a singular and frightful appearance. Their teeth were entirely black, rendered so, as was afterward found, by chewing what they call "*cbooak*."

The seamen were fortunate enough to open a friendly communication with their visiters, who gave them cocoa-nuts and bread made of that fruit, and boiled in a liquor extracted from the trunk of the tree. Their friendship, however, proved to be of a very equivocal character. They took possession of all the small stock of rescued property which they could find, part having been secreted in a crevice of the rock; and then returning to their boat, they made signs to the party to follow them to the wreck.

The seamen, however, had by this time determined to drop the acquaintance, if possible;

and, with this view, as soon as the savages were gone they took to their boats and steered for the open sea. They were interrupted in their purpose by the appearance of about thirty other canoes filled with natives, from whom, however, they succeeded in extricating themselves, not without a little skirmish with the occupants of one of the canoes. The rest, seeming to be intent upon an examination of the wreck, did not come to the relief of their brethren. After rowing all that day and night, the Americans reached another island on the following afternoon.

Here they were discovered and visited by two savages from a neighboring point of land, who compelled them, exhausted and dispirited as they were, to follow to a harbor within sight. Approaching this, they were met by a large number of canoes, and taken on shore in triumph — and not without experiencing some violence, though it was of a kind and a degree not so much intended to injure as to intimidate.

In the island, where they were now prisoners, and which they found to be one of the Pelew group, they were treated, on the whole, with no great severity. They were first conducted into the presence of the dignitaries of the island. These they found seated on a platform, on a

rising ground, at a little distance from the harbor. This platform was twelve or fifteen feet square, and was situated between two long buildings, called *pyes*. These were used by the chiefs as places of carousal. They were constructed in a rude manner of bamboo sticks, and covered with leaves. They were sixty or seventy feet in length, and about twenty-four in width.

The island was that known to navigators as Baubelthouap, the largest of the Pelew group. It lies not far from the eighth degree of north latitude, is about one hundred and twenty miles in length, and contains, probably, not far from two thousand inhabitants.

Before the block stood a platform for beheading, and the question discussed among the natives seemed to be whether it should be put in requisition for the strangers. The wailing of the women, which soon became obstreperous, was perhaps decisive of the issue. After an hour's suspense, a large bowl, richly ornamented with shells, was brought to the seamen, out of which they drank sweetened water from a wrought cup of cocoa-nut shell. They were then conducted to another village, the residence of a prophetess, who, they afterward learned, had interfered in their behalf, and from whose house, on arriving,

they received a sufficient supply of palatable food.

Here an interesting incident occurred. As the servant of the prophetess was arranging the materials for their repast, a singular looking being was seen approaching. His appearance was that of a man of sixty. His hair was long and gray, unlike that of the natives. His legs, arms, and breast, were tattooed. His step was quick and firm; his motions indicating that he felt himself a person of not a little importance. His teeth were entirely gone, and his mouth was black with the use of aboak. The seamen were amazed to hear this odd personage address them in broken English.

His first exclamation was, "My God, you are Englishmen!" He immediately added, "you are safe now," but expressed his surprise that they had not been killed on the water.

This person was by birth an Englishman, and had been on the island about twenty-nine years. He told the crew that he had been a hatter by trade, and that his name was Charles Washington. He had been a private in the British naval service, on board the *Lion* man-of-war. Cruising in those seas, he had, while on duty, been guilty of some trifling offence; and, apprehend-

ng that he should be severely punished for it, had left the ship and taken up his residence upon the island. He seemed to be contented with his situation, and had no desire to return to his native country. He had attained to great distinction, and was the sixth chief among them. His authority seemed great, and he exercised it with exemplary discretion.

Observing the provisions before the seamen, he told them they were for their use, and desired them to partake of whatever they preferred. Seeing they were likely to be somewhat molested by the crowd of young persons who had collected around them, he swung his battle-axe over the heads of the urchins, and giving them to understand that the strangers belonged to him, immediately caused them to disperse.

From this time the captives were treated with some kindness. A "*pye*," with mats and other accommodations, was appropriated to their use, and they were regularly supplied with plenty of provisions, such as hogs, goats, fish, yams, coconuts, bread-fruit, preserved almonds, and sweet potatoes.

Having acquired some little knowledge of the language, the Americans at length succeeded in arranging a treaty for their emancipation with

the natives. The stipulation was, that, should they reach their homes, they would send out two hundred muskets, ten casks of powder, a corresponding quantity of balls and flints, and an accompaniment of beads, belts, combs, and trinkets. These preliminaries arranged, it only remained to make provisions for the voyage.

The natives, having consulted their prophetess, implored the aid of their divinity, and held a solemn feast on the occasion, entering cordially into the plan. With their help the ship's boat was repaired, and a large canoe hollowed out, which proved to be the better sailer. The men collected the timber, and wrought it with a few old inch chisels, having neither auger nor gimlet, while the women made mats for sails. Meanwhile a quantity of fish had been obtained for the voyage, and the women brought abundance of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and yams.

On the island was an old compass, that had belonged to the *Antelope*, which was wrecked here in 1783, and was given to one of the chiefs by Captain Henry Wilson. The owner was finally induced to part with it. It had become much impaired by time and improper usage, but served as a tolerable guide. So furnished they put to sea on the twenty-seventh of October, 1832.

The boats proved leaky, and they returned the same night. Another month having been employed in refitting, they tempted the treacherous deep once more. Taking with them three of the natives, two of them chiefs, who, in their confiding simplicity, were leaving their homes to go, they knew not whither, and bring back the stipulated reward. Three of the crew stayed behind on the island as hostages.

Seven of the party, namely, Bouket, Sedon, Andrews, Hulet, and the three natives now took the canoe. Captain Barnard, Rollins, Nute, and Holden preferred the ship's boat. They were accompanied on their passage the first day by a large number of the natives. At night the voyagers succeeded in getting beyond the reef, when they were left by their attendants, and continued their course.

They had not proceeded far before they had reason to regret having entered upon their perilous enterprise. There came on a violent storm of rain, the wind blowing hard, and the waves threatening to swallow them every moment of the night. To their dismay, the rudder of the canoe was unshipped, and, for a time, the destruction of those on board seemed inevitable. By great exertion they managed to keep together

until the next morning, when they replaced the rudder and proceeded. The boat's mast next went by the board; and, during the whole of the next night, they lay drifting at the mercy of the winds and the waves.

In the mean time the canoe sprang a leak, and it was found impossible to bail out the water as fast as it came in. They managed to stop the leak, and continued on, in rather a sad plight, meeting with no very serious accident, till the fifth day from the time of leaving the island; when, just at sunset, owing to some mismanagement, a light puff of wind upset the canoe.

With some difficulty the boat was kept from being stove in pieces by coming in contact with the canoe. During all this time it rained hard, and the night was dismal. In the morning it was found necessary to abandon the canoe entirely. A few cocoa-nuts were taken from it, and, as a last resort, all took refuge in the boat. The compass was fortunately saved.

New difficulties now presented themselves. Most of the provisions had been lost by the upsetting of the canoe, and but a very small quantity of water was left. It was therefore resolved to make a division of the articles of subsistence which remained. There were four cocoa-nuts

for each person, and a few pieces over, which were distributed equally. At this time no objects were seen except a few sea-birds. For nine days and nights the crew remained in this forlorn state, with the prospect of actual starvation before them. As they were about surrendering all hope, land was discerned some ten miles off.

II.—P

CHAPTER XV.

THE CREW OF THE MENTOR ARE AGAIN CAPTURED.

THE joy of the suffering mariners on discovering land was unbounded. They exerted all their remaining strength to reach it. When within six miles they saw a fleet of eighteen canoes approaching, filled with natives.

The appearance of these natives was such as to excite at once astonishment and disgust. They were entirely naked, and, as subsequent experience proved, they were barbarous and cruel beyond example. As soon as the large canoes came up, the wretches commenced their outrages. They attacked the inmates of the boat with brutal ferocity, knocking them overboard with their clubs, making the most frightful grimaces, and yelling like incarnate fiends. They fell upon the boat, and immediately destroyed it, breaking it into splinters, and taking the fragments into their canoes. While this

was going on, the victims of their barbarity were swimming from one canoe to another, entreating their tormentors to have mercy upon them, and permit them to get into their canoes. This they for a long time refused, beating them most unmercifully whenever they caught hold of anything to save themselves from drowning.

After they had had enough of this kind of sport, the savages allowed the crew to get on board their canoes. They then compelled them to row toward the land, after stripping them of all their clothing, and exposing their skins to the blistering effects of the sun. On approaching the land, the unfortunate seamen were compelled to jump from the canoes into the water, and wade to the shore. By this time the beach was lined with women and children, who caused the air to resound with the most horrid yells and screams. Their gestures and violent contortions resembled the frantic ravings of bedlamites.

The reception of the strangers on land was no more agreeable than that upon the water. They had hoped that the gentler sex would show some signs of pity, but in this they were mistaken. The women were, if possible, more cruel than their inhuman lords and masters. The seamen were soon separated from one

another, and dragged about from place to place ; their brutal captors contending, in the mean time, for their possession. The question of ownership was at length settled, and the captives were allowed to partake of a little food.

The small piece of land on which they found themselves, is situated between the third and fourth degrees of north latitude, and in longitude one hundred and thirty-one degrees twenty minutes east. It is known to navigators by the name of Lord North's Island. It has hitherto been considered uninhabited. This is not surprising, as the natives said that no white man had ever visited the place ; though it seemed, from the pieces of iron in their possession, and from other circumstances, that they had had some communication with the Spaniards and Portuguese in that quarter of the globe.

Like many other islands in those seas, this is surrounded by a coral reef, which is from an eighth to one half of a mile wide ; but outside of the reef, the water, which is blue as in the middle of the ocean, is apparently fathomless ; and the largest vessel may approach, in many places, within a quarter of a mile of the beach. The whole island rises so little above the level of the sea, that the swell often rolls up to a con-

siderable distance inland. It is about three quarters of a mile in length, and not far from half a mile in width. Unlike the Pelew group, this island is one of the most wretched on the face of the globe. The only valuable product of its soil is the cocoa-tree, and that is of so dwarfish and miserable a growth as to bear but few nuts. These few, however, constitute the food of the inhabitants, with the exception of a species of fish caught occasionally near the shore.

The complexion of these islanders is a light copper color; much lighter than that of the Malays, or the Pelew Islanders; which last, however, they resemble in the breadth of their faces, high cheek bones, and broad, flattened noses. They do not color their teeth, as many of those islanders do; and their teeth are so strong, that they can husk a cocoa-nut with them instantly.

The character of the inhabitants resembles that of the island itself. Cowardly and servile, yet most barbarous and cruel, they combine, in their habits, tempers, and dispositions, the most disgusting and loathsome features that can disgrace humanity. The women even surpass the men in cruelty and savage depravity; so much so, that the captives were frequently indebted to

the tender mercies of the men for escapes from death at the hands of the females. The indolence of the natives can be roused by nothing but the immediate fear of starvation.

The adventurous crew of the *Mentor*, with the friendly Pelew chiefs, were captured and taken to this island on the sixth of December, 1832. On the third of February following, a ship was discovered at a short distance. The natives immediately collected, and prepared to go to it, in order to obtain iron and other articles. Hope once more visited the captives. To escape was of course their strong desire and intention. They attempted to go, but the savages beat them back.

At length Captain Barnard and Rollins, after being severely beaten, were allowed to accompany the natives to the ship, and succeeded in effecting their escape. The anguish of those left behind, on seeing the ship pursue her course without an attempt to relieve them, can hardly be estimated. Such cruelty was not unworthy of the islanders themselves. The captives sank back in despair and wept like children.

After the departure of Rollins and the captain, they were treated with still greater severity. Generally, they were aroused from their broken

slumbers about sunrise, and compelled to go to work. They were usually employed in cultivating a species of vegetable resembling the yam, and called "*korei*." This root is raised in beds of mud, which are prepared by digging out the sand, and filling the place with mould. The whole of this labor was performed with the hands. Day after day the captives were compelled to stand in the mud from morning till night, and turn it up. Frequently they were required to do this without receiving a morsel of food, till about noon, and sometimes they were left without anything to eat until night.

About four months from the time of their landing on this dreary spot, there was a violent storm, which came very near sweeping away the whole of the means of support which remained for the miserable inhabitants. The wind blew down many of the best cocoa-trees, and materially injured the fruit on such as were left standing. Besides this, the low places in which they raised the root, by them called *korei*, were mostly filled with sand, and famine stared them all in the face.

This event subjected the poor captives to still severer deprivations and labors. They were employed for months in carrying pieces of the

coral rock to form a sort of sea wall to prevent the waves from washing away the trees ; and this drudgery, beneath a burning sun, reduced them extremely. Their flesh was frequently so torn by the sharp corners of the rock, and scorched by the heat, as to resemble more that of the rhinoceros than of human beings.

A new trial now awaited them. The natives insisted that they should be tattooed ; and, after many expostulations and entreaties on their part, they were compelled to submit to the distressing operation. They were, in the first place, securely bound down to the ground by their tormentors, who then proceeded to draw, with a sharp stick, the figures designed to be imprinted on the skin. This done, the skin was thickly punctured with a little instrument made of sharpened fish-bones, which was held within an inch or two of the flesh, and beaten into it rapidly with a little mallet, applied in such a manner as to cause it to rebound at every stroke. In this way the breasts and arms were prepared ; and subsequently the ink, which was made of a vegetable found on the island, and called *savvan*, was applied.

This operation caused such an inflammation of the skins of the victims, that a small portion

only could be done at one time. As soon as the inflammation abated, another portion was tattooed, until their bodies were covered. The marks were ineffaceable. The natives were exceedingly anxious to perform the operation upon their faces; but this they would not submit to, saying they would sooner die.

A year passed away, when one of the Americans named William Sedon became so impaired in health, that all hopes of his recovery were abandoned. He continued, however, to crawl from place to place until all his remaining strength was gone, when the inhuman savages placed him in an old canoe, and sent him adrift on the ocean. Gladly would his unhappy shipmates have extended to him the last sad offices of friendship. That poor consolation was denied both to him and to them!

Another of their companions was soon taken from their midst. His name was Peter Andrews. He was accused by the natives of some trifling offence, and put to death. The savages knocked him down with their clubs, and then despatched him in the most cruel and shocking manner. Holden was at some distance, when he saw a number of the savages advancing, dragging along the lifeless and mangled body of his com-

rade. One of them approached him behind, and knocked him down with a club. The body of Andrews was thrown into the sea, and the infuriated natives turned upon the rest of the captives, apparently resolved upon their extermination.

Holden warded off the blows aimed at him, and ran toward the hut of his master, who had not yet returned. Entering the hut, he crawled through an aperture in the floor into the chamber under the roof. He seized an old box, and covered up the hole ; but this was not sufficient long to detain the wretches who were thirsting for his blood. They soon succeeded in displacing the box, and one of them seized him ; but just as he was pulling him from his place of refuge, Holden's master returned, with several of his friends, and rescued him from the clutches of his enemies.

In the mean time Nute and the rest of the captives were at the *Tahboo*, a place of public resort, where for once, the females showed some little humanity. They concealed the men under some mats, and kept them there till the fury of the natives had subsided.

One of the poor Pelew chiefs, who in their simplicity had accompanied the Americans, now

died of absolute starvation. He had become strongly attached to the whites, to whom his fidelity and affection had made him very dear. He seemed more like a brother than a barbarian. According to the custom of the savages, he was committed to the waves in an old canoe. Another of the Pelew natives was detected in the crime of taking a few cocoa-nuts without leave; for which offence he had his hands tied behind him, and was put into a canoe and set adrift. This was their usual mode of punishing offences. Hewlet, one of the crew, died about this time, and was also committed to the waves. Bouket, having become so reduced by his sufferings as to be unable to help himself, was placed in a canoe and set adrift.

Thus did one after another of the captives sink under the weight of their sufferings, and perish without any alleviation of their sufferings. Nute, Holden, and *Kobac*, the remaining Pelew chief, were now all that were left of the party, and these were hourly expecting a termination to their existence. They continued, however, to drag along a miserable life.

At the beginning of the autumn of 1834, they, with much difficulty, persuaded their masters to allow them to quit labor, and obtained from

them a promise to be put on board the first vessel that should come to the island. But at the same time they were told that if they ceased to work they must cease to expect the miserable allowance of cocoa-nut on which they had before subsisted, and that they must either labor or starve. Deeming death as welcome in one shape as another, they relinquished their labors and their pittance of food together.

They were thus literally turned out to die! They crawled from place to place, subsisting upon leaves, and now and then begging of the natives a morsel of cocoa-nut. In this way they continued to live about two months, when the joyful intelligence was brought to them, that a vessel was in sight and was coming near the island! Hope revisited their despairing hearts, and inspired them with renewed strength and animation.

After taxing their exhausted powers to the utmost, they persuaded the natives to prepare for visiting the vessel. Canoes were got ready, and, entering them, they made for the ship with all possible despatch. The vessel proved to be the British barque *Britannia*, Captain Short, bound to Canton. They were received on board with kindness.

A certificate dated Lintin, twenty-ninth December, 1834, was published by Captain Short, of which the following is a copy :

“This is to certify that on the 27th day of November, 1834, off the small island, commonly called Lord North’s by the English, situated in latitude three degrees three minutes north, and longitude one hundred and thirty-one degrees twenty minutes east, on board the British barque *Britannia*, bound to Canton river, we observed about ten or twelve canoes, containing upward of one hundred men, approaching the vessel, in a calm, or nearly so, with the intention of coming alongside. But, having the small complement of thirteen men, it was considered most prudent to keep them off, which was effected by firing a few six-pound shots in a contrary direction from the boats, some of which were then within pistol-shot. At the same time, hearing cries in our own language, begging to be taken on board, the boat was despatched to know the cause. The boat returned to the ship, and reported an American on board one of them. She was then sent back, having strict orders to act with caution, and the man got from the canoe into the sea, and was taken up by the ship’s boat and brought on board. He then stated in what

manner he came there, and said there was another of his countrymen in another canoe. I said, if we could get some of the boats dispersed, that every assistance should be rendered for the liberty of the other man. Accordingly they did so, all but three. The ship's boat was then despatched in search, and soon found the other man. He was brought on board, but in a most deplorable condition, with fever, from the effects of a miserable subsistence. These two poor fellows were quite naked, under a burning sun. They appeared to bear all the marks of their long servitude, and I should suppose two or three days would have been the end of the last man taken on board, but from this act of Providence. It appears that these men were wrecked in the ship *Mentor*, on the Pelew Islands, and were proceeding with their commander to some Dutch settlement, in one of the Pelew Island canoes, when they got to the above-mentioned island and were detained by the natives; and that Captain Edward C. Barnard had got on board some ship, and reached Canton river shortly after their detention at the island; which has been confirmed by the different masters now at the port of Lintin."

This statement was signed, "Henry Short, of the barque *Britannia*."

The joy of the two forlorn captives on finding themselves once more in the company of civilized men was indescribable. They were treated by the English captain and his crew with true kindness and attention. Everything was done to restore them to health. On arriving at Lintin they found themselves sufficiently recovered to pass up the river to Canton. They remained there at the factories under medical treatment until the ship *Morrison* of New York was ready to sail; when they took passage in her for their native country, and arrived in New York on the fifth day of May, 1835.

The United States sloop-of-war *Vincennes* subsequently visited Lord North's Island, and took on board the Pelew chief, *Kobac*, and conveyed him safely to his friends and kindred. The *Vincennes* also took on board at the Pelew Islands the seamen who had been left as hostages on the departure of the boat and the canoe.

CHAPTER XVI.

WRECK OF THE BRIG REGULATOR, OFF PLYMOUTH.
IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE Regulator, from Alexandria, Egypt, by the way of Smyrna and Malta, arrived on the American coast on the first of February, 1837, bound to Boston. On that day they got soundings in the South Channel; wind south, with a warm, drenching rain. The passage across the Atlantic had been pleasant for the season; and the crew were now within a day's sail of their port, with a fair wind and good prospects of a safe termination to a voyage which had been hitherto remarkably prosperous.

Every stitch of canvass was spread to the breeze, and a heavy press carried on the vessel, in order to get to the northward of all the shoals, and into Boston Bay, before a change of wind.

“ How beautiful she sped upon ner way,
With white wings sprinkled by the freshening spray !

' Home ! home at last ! ' the joyful sailors cried,
As from the deck their native hills they spied ;
Be still, exulting hearts ! in yonder cloud,
Even now the storm-fiend weaves your azure shroud."

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the captain judging the vessel clear of the shoal-ground, she was hauled up northwest for the back of Cape Cod, the lee studding-sails taken in, and booms rigged in. In about an hour the well-known indications of a sudden change of wind to the northwest warned him that the fair wind and the prospects of a speedy termination to the voyage were soon to be changed for a contrary gale and the biting breath of winter. The light sails were all taken in, the topsails clewed down to be reefed, and all possible despatch used to get the vessel snug.

The wind now hauled suddenly to the northwest, blowing furiously, and the cold was intense. In ten minutes every sail was frozen stiff, while the rigging and spars were covered with ice from the mast-heads to the deck. One reef was secured in the topsails, and, after ineffectual attempts at a second, the men were ordered from the yards, half of them being badly frosted.

The gale continued to increase, and the vessel, under a heavy press of canvass, driving to the

north-eastward, shipping much water, and the ice fast accumulating on the decks and about the bowsprit. At midnight they wore ship, and stood in shore, and at daylight made Chatham lights ahead. At seven the next morning they wore ship again, about two miles north-north-east of the lights, and headed off shore.

The cold now became more severe. The thermometer stood at eight degrees below zero throughout the day. The ice constantly increased on the vessel. The rudder was at one time frozen up. The rigging, from its increased size, was wholly useless; and the vessel had settled a foot by the head, owing to the weight of ice about the head-stays and rigging of the bowsprit. All hands were employed throughout the day in endeavoring to free the vessel of ice.

On the fourth of February the wind blew from the northeast, with snow, wind increasing, and extreme cold weather. At noon they made the highlands of Plymouth; the rudder was again choked up with ice, and all attempts to keep it clear were unsuccessful. Four of the crew were badly frozen, and the vessel was covered with ice. The wind veered to the north and blew hard. They hoisted a signal of distress, and bore away for Plymouth harbor. Seeing a brig

at anchor in safety inside, they had strong hopes of assistance to enable them to reach the anchorage.

It was now near low water, and the sea was breaking violently across the entrance of the harbor, threatening destruction to the vessel that approached it. As the vessel could not be kept off shore more than an hour longer, Captain Phelps had no alternative but to push for the entrance. Abreast of Gurnet Head, the wind headed them off, and the anchors were both let go in three fathoms water, the vessel striking heavy between the swells. The land, on one side, was distant about half a mile, between the vessel and which, a furious sea was breaking, which forbade all hope of relief from that quarter. About the same distance from them lay a brig in perfect safety; but as the sea was making a fair breach over the Regulator, it was impossible for boats to approach.

Night was now closing around. The breakers were sweeping the decks; the vessel striking on the hard sands every few minutes with a force sufficient to demolish, at each concussion, a vessel of ordinary construction. The crew were worn down with fatigue and cold. With a long and dreary night of severe suffering and

anxiety before them—with no prospect of relief till the morrow, and dreadful doubts whether the vessel could sustain the severe shocks for an hour, — their situation was one of the most painful and distressing that can be imagined.

About half past eight in the evening, it being flood tide, the vessel lay easy and afloat. The wind also moderated; and the crew were suffered to relax a while from their severe toils. The frozen were taken into the cabin, where a fire had been kept in the stove, and their sufferings alleviated as far as possible. A kettle of hot chocolate was prepared over the stove, which refreshed them wonderfully; so much so that the brave fellows laughed at past toils, and fondly pictured forth the comforts, which they believed were awaiting them on shore. This rejoicing was destined to be of short duration.

The next morning the wind increased to a gale from the north; and a heavy sea tumbling in, the vessel began to strike again violently, every shock taking the crew off their feet, and making the masts swing about like reeds in the blast. After thumping in this manner for half an hour, it was found she had bilged.

The foremast was cut away, and the cables

were slipped, in the hope that the wreck would drive higher up on the shoal, where she would be less exposed to the furious sea, which was every moment tearing her asunder. They were unable to launch the long-boat. The cabin and fore-castle were full of water.

They had now drifted to within a third of a mile of the brig at anchor, the crew of which had been anxious observers of the *Regulator's* situation all the morning without being able to render any assistance. A boat had been despatched early in the morning to her relief, and approached the wreck as near as the sea would permit, where the rowers lay on their oars, waiting for an opportunity, should any occur, of rescuing some one from the wreck. They were sometimes entangled in the ice, and carried to the distance of a mile or two, and, at other times, they strove to work their way toward the spars and fragments of the wreck, which the current carried clear of the breakers, to see if there were any human beings clinging to them.

And now death began to invade the devoted vessel. The first victim was a beautiful little Greek boy, about twelve years of age, whom Captain Phelps had found at Smyrna, an orphan, and taken as an apprentice. When the cabin

began to fill with water, the captain brought him on deck, wrapped in a blanket, and stowed him in one corner of the round-house, which had resisted many heavy seas, and yet remained entire. The heart-rending cries of the poor little fellow, who was a universal favorite on board, drew tears from the hardiest, and all seemed for a while to forget their own sorrows in contemplating the sufferings of poor Jerome. A tremendous sea swept over them. It shivered the round-house into fragments; and the agonizing shrieks of the poor boy were hushed in death. The same sea washed the long-boat overboard, but did not capsize her; and she lay to leeward of the wreck, upright, but full of water, and out of reach. One of the seamen was also buried beneath the ruins of the round-house, and perished. The mainmast was still standing, with the rigging firm. To this the remainder of the crew now retreated.

The vessel was fast breaking up. Planks and timbers were leaving her. She had broken in two amidships, and every sea was reducing her to fragments. While on deck, with the sea continually breaking over them, the crew found that the ice did not accumulate on their clothes, the water being much warmer than the air

But in the rigging their suffering from the cold was intense ; and as the sea occasionally reached them, they soon resembled clods of ice rather than human beings.

About this time, a reflux sea brought the long-boat near the lower part of the rigging, where three seamen and the captain were clinging. Two of them threw themselves into her ; the other, Augustus Tileston, a fine young lad from Vermont, was on the point of following them ; but seeing that the captain had moved toward the boat, but again retreated, he hesitated what to do, until, just as the last chance offered of reaching her, he jumped for it. In a second she was out of reach again. They cast off or cut the hawser, and drifted astern. Captain Phelps firmly believed that they, and they alone, would be saved ; but, exhausted by their previous exertions, and chilled through by being up to their shoulders in a boat full of ice and water, they were unable to clear away an oar to keep the boat head to the sea, and consequently capsized and perished.

Five were now already dead, and in their sad fate the survivors thought their own was pre-figured. Finding they were fast freezing in the rigging, they succeeded in regaining a part of

the quarter-deck, to keep more under water, and less exposed to the air. They were unable to lash themselves, but got into the bight of two water-cask lashings that were around the quarter stanchions, the casks having washed out of them. Here the sufferers remained for about an hour, viewing with intense interest the movements of the party in the boat, who, after striving for five hours to rescue them, retired. They had themselves been frequently in imminent danger of being carried by the ice among the breakers, or of freezing in the boat. In vain did they force their way through bodies of ice, and, impelled by the supplications of the suffering seamen, approach even within the whirling foam of the breakers, — their efforts were in vain.

The feelings of agony with which the sufferers beheld them returning to their brig cannot be depicted by words. Hope died within their breasts; and their shouts for assistance arose in tones of desperation upon the breeze. The generous tars, who had been laboring to aid them, could not hear their supplications unmoved. They were aroused to renewed daring. The long-boat was cleared away, and hoisted out; and, after what seemed an age to the ex

pectant sufferers, both boats shoved off again to the rescue.

In the mean time, the wreck was fast disappearing, breaking up, or settling in the sand. The crew awaited the movements of their rescuers in a state of awful suspense. The latter approached with both boats to within about one hundred yards of the wreck. Nearer to the terrific breakers they could not approach and live. In about half an hour, a cake of ice, drifting by the wreck to windward, kept the sea from breaking for perhaps eight or ten minutes. The boatmen seized the opportunity, pulled in with the long boat, and the sufferers threw themselves into it, cleared the breakers in safety, and soon found themselves in the comfortable cabin of the brig *Cervantes* of Boston, Captain Kendrick, where they received from him and his crew all the kindness and attention that humanity could suggest.

To the intrepid and daring perseverance of these humane men, the survivors of the *Regulator* owed, under Providence, their lives. They were utterly helpless when taken off. The ice had accumulated on their clothes to such a degree that they could not bend a joint. The blood seemed freezing in their veins.

The next morning, when the *Cervantes* got under weigh for Boston, nothing was to be seen of the wreck but some of the floor timber-heads sticking out of the flats at low water. The spot where the *Regulator* was lost is a sunken island, called Brown's Island, of great extent, over which the sea breaks with dreadful violence.

On the morning of the seventh the survivors were landed at Rainsford Island, in Boston harbor, where they received every attention from the worthy superintendent of the Quarantine establishment, Dr. Smith. They were much frozen and bruised. The first mate and a sailor were obliged to have some of their fingers amputated.

The Humane Society of Boston bestowed gold medals and money on the crew of the *Cervantes*; and the citizens of Boston, with their accustomed liberality, subscribed six hundred dollars for the relief of the surviving seamen of the *Regulator*

CHAPTER XVII

LOSS OF THE AMERICAN SHIP ALBION, ON THE COAST
OF IRELAND.

THE Albion was one of the finest class of packet-ships between New York and Liverpool. She sailed from New York on the first of April, 1822, with a crew, including officers, of twenty-five, and twenty-three cabin and six steerage passengers—making in the whole fifty-four persons.

For the first twenty days the weather was favorable and the voyage prosperous; and on the afternoon of Sunday, the 21st, land was seen. It was Cape Clear, bearing east by north at a distance of two leagues. It now became thick and foggy, and there was a succession of heavy squalls from the southward. The captain carried as much sail as he thought prudent in order to crowd the ship off the land. The gale soon increased to such a degree as to carry away the foreyard and split the foretopsail, although the

ship was, at the time, under double-reefed topsails, foresail, and mainsail.

Toward evening the gale increased, and the waves ran mountains high. An immense sea swept over the ship, throwing her on her beam-ends—carrying away the mainmast by the deck, the head of the mizenmast and foretopmast, and boats, caboose-house, bulwarks, and compasses—and staving in all the hatches, state-rooms, and bulwarks in the cabin, which was nearly filled with water. By the same sea, six of the crew and one cabin-passenger were swept overboard.

The ship now being unmanageable, and the sea making a complete breach over her, the crew and passengers were obliged to lash themselves to the pumps; and being in total darkness, without correct compasses, they could not tell how her head lay. The axes having been swept overboard, there were no means of clearing the deck.

The captain, anticipating their melancholy fate, called all the passengers up, who had not before been on deck. Many of them had been considerably injured by the first heavy sea that struck the ship, and were scarcely able to walk. Others had been assisting incessantly at the pumps. One gentleman, Mr. William Everhart of Penn-

sylvania, who had been extremely ill during the passage, was too feeble to crawl on the deck without assistance, but, strange to say, he was the only cabin-passenger who was saved.

The situation of the ill-fated voyagers at this time had better be left to the imagination. Its horrors will suggest themselves readily enough to the mind. About three o'clock the ship struck on a reef; her upper works beat in over the rocks, and, in about half an hour, she parted amidships, and her quarter deck drifted in on the top of the inside ledge, immediately under the cliffs. Captain Williams was swept away soon after the ship struck — a circumstance, which may be attributed to the very extraordinary exertions which he made, to the last moment, for the preservation of the unfortunate passengers and crew. Many others perished in their struggles to reach the shore. The destruction of human life was indeed terrific. Of the fifty-four, who left New York, only nine were saved.

On hearing of the disaster, Mr. Marks, the American consul, hastened to the spot, and did all in his power to aid the survivors and save the property. He caused the bodies to be decently interred in Templetrine churchyard, four miles from Kinsale, and one from the fatal spot.

Many of the victims of this calamity were persons of distinction. Professor Fisher, of Yale College, was highly esteemed for his private virtues and profound literary attainments. He was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and had intended to make the tour of Europe.

Another distinguished sufferer was General Lefebvre Desnouettes. During a long series of years this gallant officer had braved death in the field with a bravery rarely equalled. His life had been an eventful one. He had been one of the most favored and accomplished of Napoleon's generals, and had taken part in the combination against Louis XVI. On the landing of his old commander from Elba, he rejoined Napoleon with headlong enthusiasm in his last campaign, and being finally proscribed by the royal government, took refuge in the United States. Here his misfortunes, his reputation, and his manly deportment won for him universal esteem. To escape remark, however, and to gratify the natural activity of his disposition, he retired to the French grant in Alabama, where he labored in the fields under a burning sun, with a reckless exertion, which proved very injurious to his health and strength. His wife, an amiable and accomplished woman, remained in France to superintend his

interests. He himself, after having commenced his agricultural toil, never quitted it until his final departure, except to visit Washington on business. At length he addressed a petition to the French government, praying to be allowed to return home. He received directions to proceed to Holland, and there wait the final pleasure of the king. On his way to Liverpool he found a watery grave on the Irish coast.

Mr. Everhart, the only surviving cabin-passenger of the Albion, says, that up to the twenty-first of April, the voyage had been pleasant for the season, though he himself had suffered much from sea-sickness, and was almost constantly confined to his room. The storm of the day, it was supposed, was over. They were near to the coast, and all hands flattered themselves that in a short time they should reach their destined harbor; but, about nine o'clock in the evening, a heavy sea struck the ship, swept several seamen from the deck, carried away her masts and stove in her hatchways, so that every wave which passed over her ran into the hold unobstructed. The railings were carried away, and the wheel which aided them to steer. In short, that fatal wave left the ship a wreck.

The Albion was then about twenty miles from

the shore. Captain Williams steadily and coolly gave his orders. He cheered the passengers and crew with the hope that the wind would shift, and, before morning, blow off shore. The sea was very rough, and the vessel unmanageable. The passengers were obliged to be tied to the pumps that they might work them. All who could do no good on deck retired below, but the water was knee deep in the cabin, and the furniture floating about rendered the situation dangerous and dreadful.

All night long the wind blew a gale directly on shore, toward which the Albion was drifting at the rate of about three miles an hour. The complete hopelessness of their situation was known to few except Captain Williams. The coast was familiar to him; and he must have witnessed, with horror and despair, throughout the night, the certainty of their fate.

At length the ocean, dashing and roaring upon the precipice of rocks that girded the coast, told the devoted voyagers that their hour had come. Captain Williams summoned all on deck, and told them briefly that the ship must soon strike; it was impossible to preserve her. Mr. Everhart was the last to leave the cabin. Some, particularly the females, expressed their terror in

wild shrieks. Major Gough of the British army remarked, that "death, come as he would, was an unwelcome messenger, but that they must meet him like men." Very little was said by the others; the men waited the expected shock in silence. Gen. Lefebvre Desnouettes, during the voyage, had evidently wished to remain without particular observation; and, to prevent his being known, besides taking passage under a feigned name, he had suffered his beard to grow. He had the misfortune, before the ship struck, to be much bruised, and one of his arms was broken, which probably prevented his making the efforts he might otherwise have made for his preservation.

Swiftly and surely did the relentless blast impel them on to destruction. The ship was a wreck. The raging of the billows against the precipice on which they were driving, sent back, from the caverns and the rocks, the hoarse and melancholy warnings of death, dark, cold, and wet. In such a situation the stoutest heart must have quaked in utter despair. When there is a ray of hope, there may be a corresponding buoyancy of spirit. When there is anything to be done, the active man may drown the sense of danger, while strenuously exerting himself; but

here there was nothing to do but to die! Just at the gray of dawn the Albion struck.

The perpendicular precipice of rocks is nearly two hundred feet in height. The sea beating for ages against it has worn large caverns in its base, into which the waves rushed violently, sending back a deep and hollow sound, then running out in various directions, and forming whirlpools of great violence. A short distance from the precipice, rocks rise out of the water, broad at the bottom and sharp at the top. On one of these, the Albion first struck. The next wave threw her further on the rock; the third further still, until, nearly balanced, she swung round, and her stern was driven against another, near in shore. In this situation, every wave making a complete breach over her, many were drowned on deck.

Perceiving that the stern was higher out of water, and that the sea had less power in its sweep over it, Mr. Everhard went aft. Presently the ship broke in two, and all those who remained near the bow were lost. Several from the stern of the ship had got on the side of the precipice, and were hanging by the crags as well as they could. Although weakened by previous sickness and present suffering, Mr

Everhart made an effort, got upon the rock, and stood upon one foot, the only hold that he could obtain. He saw several around him, and among the rest, Col. Prevost, who observed, on seeing him, "Here is another poor fellow." But the waves, rolling heavily against them, and often dashing the spray fifty feet above their heads, gradually swept those who had taken refuge one by one away; and one poor fellow, losing his hold, grasped the leg of Mr. Everhart, and nearly pulled him from his place. Weak and sick as he was, Mr. Everhart stood several hours on one foot on a little crag, the billows dashing over him, and he benumbed with cold.

As soon as it was light, and the tide ebbed so as to render it possible, the people descended the rocks as far as they could, and dropped him a rope, which he fastened around his body, and was drawn out to a place of safety. Of twenty-three cabin-passengers, he alone escaped. Mr. Everhart mentions numerous instances of the kindness shown by the people of the coast to the survivors. A sailor was drawn ashore naked, and one of the peasants, although a cold rain was falling, took the shirt from his own back and put it on that of the sufferer. Mr. Everhart was taken to the hospitable mansion of Mr

James B. Gibbens, where he lay for several weeks exceedingly ill, receiving the kindest attention. "They could not have treated me more tenderly," said Mr. Everhart, "if I had been a brother."

The attentions paid the survivors partook of the style of genuine Irish hospitality. Such disinterested kindness exalts the human character, and is calculated to have not a limited effect, but must prove of national advantage. It tends to widen the circle of our sympathies until it embraces the whole race.

This terrible wreck and loss of life, with the miraculous preservation of Mr. Everhart, produced a great sensation, and excited public sensibility throughout Europe and America. When he landed at Liverpool it was difficult for him to get along the streets, in such numbers did the people crowd around to see the only passenger saved from the wreck of the Albion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CAZNEAU.

THE brig Polly, of one hundred and thirty tons burden, sailed from Boston with a cargo of lumber and provisions, on a voyage to Saint Croix, on the twelfth of December, 1811, under the command of Captain W. L. Cazneau. Her crew consisted of a mate, four seamen, and a cook. Mr. Hunt and a negro girl of nine years of age were passengers.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until the fifteenth, when they had cleared Cape Cod, the shoal of George's, and nearly, as they supposed, crossed the Gulf Stream, when there came on a violent gale from the southeast. The brig labored hard, and at last sprang aleak, which gained fast upon the pumps. About midnight she upset, and Mr. Hunt was washed overboard!

In about half an hour, the mainmast went by the board, and soon after the foremast. She

now righted, though full of water, a dreadful sea making a breach over her from stem to stern. In this situation the night wore away, and daylight found all alive except the passenger. The little girl had been found, after close search, clinging to the skylight, and in this way she was saved from drowning in the cabin. She was so chilled, however, that she survived but a few hours.

For twelve days they remained in this predicament without fire. At length the cook, who was an Indian, named Moho, from a village near Boston, suggested the operation of rubbing two sticks together, which succeeded. The caboose was got to windward, a fire kindled, and some provisions cooked. The seamen had hitherto lived upon raw pork, since the accident to the brig. They now got up a barrel of pork, part of a barrel of beef, and a half barrel of beef. A small pig had been saved alive, but, having nothing to feed it with, they killed and cooked it. No apprehension of suffering for want of provisions was entertained at this time, there being several barrels of beef stowed in the run, and upward of one hundred under deck. Under this impression the crew consumed their provisions very improvidently, till they discovered that the

barrels had been dashed to pieces and their contents destroyed in consequence of the violence of the gale.

A cask of water containing about thirty gallons was saved ; all the rest was lost. This quantity lasted them eighteen days, at the end of which they were reduced to the necessity of catching what rain they could. In forty days the meat was all gone, and they were threatened with starvation.

The first victim of the scarcity was Mr. Paddock, the mate, whose exquisite distress seemed to redouble the sufferings of his companions. He was a man of a robust constitution, who had spent his life in the fisheries on the Grand Bank. He had suffered many hardships, and appeared the most capable of enduring the shocks of misfortune of any of the crew. In the meridian of life and the vigor of health, it was reasonable to suppose, that instead of being the first, he would have been the last to have fallen a victim to cold and hunger ; but Heaven ordained it otherwise. How often do we see, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The mate became delirious, and death relieved him from his sufferings, the fiftieth day of the shipwreck.

During all this time the storm continued with unabated fury. Frequently were the unhappy survivors drenched and overwhelmed by the briny spray, having nothing to screen themselves from the sea but a temporary kind of cabin, which they had built up of boards between the windlass and cat-head on the larboard side of the fore-castle.

The next who sank under privation and suffering was Howes, a young man, who was likewise a fisherman by profession, tall, spare, and as active a seaman as any on board. He also died delirious and in dreadful distress, six days after Paddock. It was soon perceived that this must at length be the inevitable fate of all the survivors, unless some means were adopted for procuring fresh water.

About this time they had the good luck to fish up from the steerage a tea-kettle and one of the captain's pistols; and necessity, the mother of invention, suggested the plan of distillation. Accordingly, a piece of board was nicely fitted to the mouth of the boiler, a small hole made in it, and the teakettle, bottom upward, fixed to the upper side of the board. The pistol-barrel was fixed to the nose of the kettle, and kept cool by the constant application of cold water

This completely succeeded, and the survivors, without a doubt, owed their preservation to this simple expedient. But all that could be obtained by this imperfect mode of distillation was a scanty allowance of water for five men; yet it would sustain life, and that was all.

Their only sustenance now was barnacles gathered from the sides of the vessel, which were eaten raw, in order that the distilling process might not be interrupted. Successful as this was, they could derive from it no more than four wine-glasses of water each, daily. The next food which they obtained was a large shark, caught by means of a running bow-line. This was a great relief, and lasted some time.

Two advantages arose from this signal interposition of a kind Providence; for, while they lived upon the shark, the barnacles were growing larger and more nutritive. They likewise found many small crabs among the sea-weed, which often floated around the wreck, which were very pleasant food.

On the fifteenth of March, according to their computation, poor Moho, the cook, expired, evidently from want of water. He was calm and resigned in his last moments, and died in the full exercise of his reason. He very devoutly

prayed, and manifested a degree of fortitude and piety, which would have graced the death-bed of many a more enlightened Christian.

The constant attention of the survivors was now directed to the improvement of their distilling apparatus. It was made much more efficient by the addition of another pistol-barrel, which was found by fishing with the grains they made by fixing nails into a piece of a stove. With this barrel they so far perfected the still, as to obtain eight junk bottles full of water in twenty-four hours.

But from the death of Moho to the death of Johnson, which happened about the middle of April, they seemed to be denied every kind of food. The barnacles were all gone, and no friendly gale wafted to their side the seaweed, from which they could obtain crabs or insects. It seemed as if all hope was gone for ever, and they had nothing before them but death, or the horrid alternative of eating the flesh of their dead companions.

One expedient was left, which was, to try to decoy a shark, if, happily, there might be one about the wreck, by part of the remains of their shipmate. This succeeded. They caught a large shark ; and from that time till their happy

deliverance they had a plenty of fish. Very fortunately a cask of nails, which was on deck, lodged in the lee-scuppers. With these they were enabled to fasten the shingles on their cabin, which, by constant improvements, had become much more commodious; and the survivors now being reduced to two, they had a sufficient supply of water.

They had now drifted above *two thousand miles*, and were in latitude 28° north, and longitude 13° west, when, to their inexpressible joy, they saw three ships bearing down upon them. The ships came as near as was convenient, and then hailed; which Captain Cazneau answered with all the force of his lungs. The foremost ship proved to be the *Fame*, of Hull, Captain Featherstone, bound from Rio Janeiro home. It so happened that the three captains had dined together that day, and were all on board of the *Fame*. A boat was immediately sent to the wreck, and Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger, the only surviving persons, were released from their perilous situation. They were received by the humane Englishmen in the kindest manner.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable catastrophes in nautical history, after a series of

distresses from the fifteenth of December to the twentieth of June, a period of one hundred and ninety-one days! On board the *Fame* every attention was paid to the sufferers, that generosity and sympathy could dictate. They were transferred from this ship to the brig *Dromo*, and arrived in the United States in safety.

It is natural to inquire how persons could float such a vast distance upon the most frequented part of the Atlantic, and not be discovered during such a space of time. The humiliating truth was, that they were passed by more than a dozen sail, one of which came so nigh them, that they could distinctly see people on the deck and in the rigging looking at them; but no arm was extended to their assistance. To the disappointment and dismay of the starving and freezing sufferers, the spectators of their distress stifled the dictates of compassion, hoisted sail, and cruelly abandoned them to their fate. Such inhumanity from man to man is truly inconceivable. Fortunately, it is not often found to characterize the generous sons of the ocean, who have on thousands of occasions displayed a generous and self-sacrificing spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOSS OF THE STEAM-PACKET PULASKI, OFF CAPE
LOOKOUT.

THE steam-packet Pulaski, Captain Dubois, sailed from Savannah on Wednesday, the thirteenth of June, 1838, having on board about ninety passengers. She arrived at Charleston the same afternoon, and sailed the next morning with sixty-five additional passengers. In the afternoon, the wind freshened from the eastward, and produced a heavy sea, which retarded her progress, and required a full pressure of steam. At half past ten, the wind continued fresh, with a clear starlight, and there was every promise of a fine night.

An hour afterward, when most of the ill-fated voyagers had retired to repose, the starboard boiler exploded with tremendous violence, blowing off the promenade deck above, and shattering the starboard side about midships

At the same time the bulk-head, between the boilers and forward cabin, was staved in, the stairway to it blocked up, and the bar-room swept away. The head of the boiler was blown out, and the top rent fore and aft. In consequence of the larboard boiler and works being comparatively uninjured, the boat keeled to that side, and the starboard side was kept out of the water except when she rolled, when the sea rushed in at the breach.

The boat continued to settle rapidly, and, in about forty minutes, the water had reached the promenade deck above the ladies' cabin. Previously to this period, the ladies, children, and gentlemen, who were in the after part of the boat, were placed on the promenade deck. About the time the water reached that point, the boat parted in two, with a tremendous crash, and the bow and the stern rose somewhat out of the water; but the stern again continued to sink, until the water reached the promenade deck when it separated in three parts, upset, and precipitated all on it into the water. Many then regained the detached portions. Those who occupied the forward cabin took refuge on the extreme point of the bow, when the boat broke in two, and clung to it and the foremast. Oth-

ers had placed themselves on settees and fragments of the wreck.

There were four boats belonging to the steamer. Two were slung to the sides, and two placed on top of the promenade deck. The side boats were both lowered down within five minutes of the explosion. In that on the starboard side, the first mate, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Swift, and one other person had placed themselves. In that on the larboard side were Mr. J. H. Cooper, with Mrs. Nightingale and child, and Mrs. Fraser and her son, who were under his charge, Captain R. W. Pooler and son, and Mr. William Robertson, all of Georgia, Barney and Solomon of the crew, and two colored women.

By direction of the mate, two of the crew launched one of the deck boats and got into her; but as, from her long exposure to the sun, her seams were all open, she instantly filled, and Mr. Hibbert removed the men to his boat. The boats met, when those in the second proposed to Mr. Hibbert to strike out for the land, as it had on board as many as it could with safety carry. This he declined to do, as he said he was determined to stay by the wreck till daylight, and had yet room for four persons. Both boats then

continued to row around the wreck until the mate's boat had picked up as many as she could carry, when Mr. Hibbert yielded to the propriety of consulting the safety of those in the boats, by going to the land, as their farther stay would endanger them without affording any aid to their suffering friends; and they left the wreck at three o'clock in the morning. The boats took a northwest course, being favored by a heavy sea and strong breeze from the south-east.

At twelve o'clock they made the land, and at three in the afternoon were near the beach. Mr. Hibbert then waited until the second boat got up, and informed them that those in his boat refused to row any further, and insisted on landing. Mr. Cooper united with him in protesting against the measure, as, from the heavy breakers, which were dashing on the beach, as far as the eye could reach, it was obviously one of great peril. Being overruled, they consented to make the attempt.

The mate, who had previously taken the two colored women from the second boat, then proposed to lead the way, and requested Mr. Cooper to lie off until he had effected a landing, and was prepared to aid the women and children.

The first boat then entered the surf and disappeared, for several minutes, from those in the other boat, having been instantly filled with water. Six of the persons in her, namely, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Swift, Mr. Tappan, Mr. Leuchtenberg, and West and Brown of the crew, landed in safety. An old gentleman, supposed to be Judge Rochester of New York, Mr. Bird of Georgia, the two colored women, and a boat hand were drowned.

The other boat continued to keep off until about sunset, when, finding the night approaching, and there being no appearance of aid or change in the wind, which was blowing freshly in to the land, and the persons in the boat having previously refused to row any farther, Mr. Cooper reluctantly consented to attempt the landing.

Before the attempt, it was thought necessary, in order to prevent the infant of Mrs. Nightingale, which was only seven months old, from being lost, to lash it to her person, which was done. Just as the sun was setting, the bow of the boat was turned to the shore; and Mr. Cooper sculling, and the two men at the oars, she was pulled into the breakers. She rose without difficulty upon the first breaker, but the second, *combing out* with great violence, struck the oar from the

hands of one of the rowers. The boat was thus thrown into the trough of the sea, and the succeeding breaker struck her broadside, and turned her bottom upward.

Upon regaining the surf, Mr. Cooper laid hold of the boat, and soon discovered that the rest of the party, with the exception of Mrs. Nightingale, were making for the shore: of her, for a few moments, he saw nothing, but presently feeling something like the dress of a female touching his foot, he again dived down, and was fortunate enough to grasp her by the hair. The surf continued to break over them with great violence; but, after a struggle, in which their strength spent its last efforts, they reached the shore, utterly worn out with fatigue, hunger, thirst, and the most intense, overwhelming excitement. Beside this, the ladies and children were suffering from the cold.

The party proceeded a short distance from the shore, where the ladies lay down on the side of a sand-hill, and their protectors covered them and their children with sand, to prevent them from perishing. Meantime, some of the party went in quest of aid, and about ten o'clock at night the whole party found a kind and hospitable reception, shelter, food, and clothing, under

the roof of Mr. Siglee Redd, of Onslow county, North Carolina.

On Monday the survivors reached Wilmington, where they found a deep sympathy for their misfortune pervading the whole city, and generous emulation among its inhabitants to render them every possible assistance.

The forward part of the boat, after the separation, continued to float. On it were Major Heath and twenty-one others. It is impossible to convey in words any but a faint idea of the suffering they underwent, or of the many harrowing and distressing circumstances which occurred during the four days they were on the wreck.

But a short time before the explosion, it was remarked by one of the passengers to Major Heath, that the gauge showed thirty inches of steam. On the attention of the engineer being called to this fact, he replied that it would bear, with safety, forty inches. Major Heath had just retired to the after cabin. A number of passengers were lying on the settees, and when the boiler burst, the steam rushed into the cabin, and, it is thought, instantly killed them, as they turned over, fell on the floor, and never were seen to move afterward. Major Heath had, on hearing the noise of the explosion, got out of his

berth, and ran to the steps, the steam meeting him in the cabin. He got under the steps, as did Mr. Lovejoy of Georgia, and they were thus shielded from its effects.

In a few moments, he went on deck, and found all dark. He called for the captain, and receiving no answer, made for the mast, as he felt the boat was sinking. Before he could secure himself, the sea burst over him and carried him away. Fortunately, however, a rope had caught round his leg, and with this he pulled himself back. The mast, as soon as he had been washed from it, fell, and crushed one of the passengers, Mr. Auze, a French gentleman of Augusta. The boat now broke in two, and the deck, forward of the mast, was carried away from the rest of the vessel very swiftly. Nothing more was seen after this, by Major Heath, of the yawl or the after part of the boat; but, in about half an hour, he heard a wild scream and then all was quiet! This must have been when the promenade deck turned over, *with at least a hundred human beings upon it!*

When daylight broke, he found that there were *twenty-two* on the wreck with him. Among these was Captain Pearson, who had been blown out into the sea, but who had caught

a plank, and succeeded in reaching them during the night.

The danger of their situation was now fully realized. The heavy mast lay across the deck, on which they rested, and kept it about twelve inches under water, and the planks were evidently fast parting. Captain Pearson, with the rest, set himself to work to lash the wreck together by the aid of a few ropes on the mast—letting the ropes sink on one side of the raft, and, passing under, come up on the other side. By repeating this operation they formed a kind of network over it. They also succeeded in lashing two large boxes to their raft, which formed seats.

Friday passed without any vessel coming in sight. Their thirst now became intense. The heat of the sun was very oppressive; its rays pouring down on their bare heads, and blistering their faces and backs; some not having even a shirt on, and none more than shirt and pantaloons.

The sufferings of the younger portion of their company became very great. Major Twiggs of the United States army had saved his child, a boy about twelve years of age. He kept him in his arms nearly all the time; and when he would call on his mother, who was safe at home, and beg for water, his father would seek in vain to

comfort him by words of kindness, clasping him closer to his heart.

On Saturday they fell in with another portion of the wreck, on which were Chicken and three others, whom they took on their raft. Toward the close of the evening they had approached within half a mile of the shore, as they thought, and many were very anxious to make an effort to land. This was objected to by Major Heath, as the breakers ran very high, and would have dashed the raft to pieces on the shore. All hope of landing was shortly afterward given up, as a slight breeze from the shore was found to be carrying them out to sea.

Despair now seemed to seize on the hearts of some of the party; and one suggested, that, if relief did not soon reach them, it would be necessary to cast lots! The firmness and spirit of Major Heath soon dispelled this horrid proposition. "We are Christians," he said, "and we cannot innocently imbrue our hands in the blood of a fellow-creature. A horrible catastrophe has deprived hundreds of their lives, brought sorrow to many a hearth, and thrown us upon the mercy of the winds and waves. We have still life left; let us not give up all manliness and sink to the brute. We have all our thoughts

about us, and should face death, which must sooner or later overtake us, with the spirit that becomes us as Christians. When that hour arrives, I will lay down my life without a murmur; and I will risk it now for the safety of any one of you; but I will never stand by and see another sacrificed, that we may drink his blood and eat his flesh!" With such words as these did he quiet them, and reconcile them to await the issue. The day wore away again, without the sight of a vessel to cheer their drooping spirits.

On Sunday morning it commenced raining, with a stiff breeze from the north-east, which soon increased to a severe gale. Every effort was made to catch some of the falling rain in the piece of canvass which they had taken from the mast; but the sea ran so high that the little they did catch was nearly as salt as the ocean. Still, the rain cooled them, and, in their situation, was refreshing and grateful.

On Monday morning they saw four vessels. They raised on a pole a piece of the flag that was attached to the mast, and waved it, but in vain. The vessels were too far off, and hope was nearly gone as they watched them pass from their sight. They had now been without food or water for four days and nights; their

tongues were dry, their flesh burnt and blistered by the sun, and their brains fevered, and many of them began to exhibit symptoms of the peculiar madness attendant on starvation. They could not sleep either, as the raft was almost always under water, and it required continual watchfulness to keep themselves from being washed over by the sea. Major Heath never, for a moment, lost his consciousness.

On Tuesday morning, a vessel hove in sight; and her track seemed to be much nearer them than those they had seen the day before. They again waved their flag and raised their feeble voices. Still the vessel kept on her track, which appeared to carry her away from them. "She is gone!" said one of the crew, a poor fellow, who had been dreadfully scalded; and he laid himself down on one of the boxes, as he said, "to die."

Captain Pearson, who had been closely watching the vessel, cried out, "She sees us! she is coming toward us!" And so it was. All sails set, and full before the wind, the vessel made for them. She proved to be the *Henry Camerton*, bound from Philadelphia to Wilmington, N. C. As soon as the captain came within speaking distance, he took his trumpet and cried out, "Be

of good cheer; I will save you!" The assurance restored new life to all who heard it.

When the schooner came alongside, they all rushed frantically on deck, and it was with some difficulty the captain could keep them from the water-casks. He immediately gave them severally a half pint of water, sweetened with molasses, and repeated it at short intervals. His prudence, doubtless, preserved their lives.

During the morning, Major Heath and his party had seen another portion of the wreck, with several persons on it; and, as soon as the captain of the *Henry Camerdon* was told of it, he sailed in the direction it had been seen, and shortly after came in sight. On this wreck, which was a part of the promenade deck, were Miss Rebecca Lamar, Mrs. Noah Smith of Augusta, Master Charles Lamar of Savannah, and Mr. Robert Hutchinson, also of Savannah. The two ladies were much exhausted, and Master Lamar was almost dead. Every comfort that the schooner was possessed of was freely bestowed by the captain.

One of the survivors on this wreck, Captain Hubbard, was asleep at the time of the explosion. He immediately jumped from his berth, and, though nearly suffocated by the steam,

made his way to the ladies' cabin, in search of his wife. Telling her to dress, and to remain quiet till his return, he repaired to the cabin, where he dressed himself, and again went to his wife. At this time he found that the hold was filling with water, and he immediately commenced the formation of rafts from settees, tables, and other moveables, on which many of the passengers launched into the ocean.

Captain Hubbard and his wife remained on the main deck till the water was nearly three feet deep, when they climbed to the promenade deck, where there were some fifty persons collected, chiefly females. The feeling that prevailed seemed to be that of resigned determination. There were sobbing and weeping, but no turbulent expressions of terror and despair. A quiet preparation for an awful catastrophe seemed to be universal. Husbands and wives were present, who embraced each other with calm affection, and whose only expression was, that "they would die in each other's arms."

When the deck began to roll over, Captain Hubbard directed his wife to keep by him, as he followed the roll of the boat, with the intention of reaching the side. In this way they had nearly effected their escape. Captain Hubbard

had succeeded in grasping the keel, when he dropped his hold to extend a hand to his wife. She reached him, and was clinging to his neck, while two other females, who had followed close in their track, were also hanging on him. At this moment a sea swept over them, which washed away all who had been on the deck. Captain Hubbard perceived that, in this situation, both himself and his wife would inevitably perish. They were both sinking, when, from exhaustion, or in a movement to change her hold, she relaxed her grasp, and they both sank together. From this moment he never saw her more.

On rising he encountered a box, which had floated from the wreck, on which he remained half an hour in a state of almost utter unconsciousness, when he was taken from the promenade deck, to which a number of other passengers had floated on fragments of the wreck. Of all who were on that part of the boat when it capsized, he thinks not a soul survives but himself.

Captain Hubbard, with most of those who remained upon the wreck, is of opinion, that the boat in which the mate Hibbert escaped, might have been so employed as to have saved the lives of nearly all on board.

One incident of an affecting nature is mentioned in this connexion. While the boat was lying off, one of the passengers, frantic with alarm, and without knowing what he was about, jumped toward her, but fell far short. He turned at once, sensible of his situation, and probably remembering whom he had left behind, with the view of regaining the wreck. His wife screamed to him by name, "Where are you? where are you?" He replied from the waves, "I'm here, my dear; I'm here." "I'm coming, my husband," she rejoined, and, leaping on the railing of the deck, plunged headlong into the sea.

At daylight on the morning after the disaster, it was ascertained that there were fourteen individuals, Captain Hubbard inclusive, on the promenade deck. In the course of that day, eleven others were picked up, three from a boat, and eight from fragments of the wreck. With such aid as could be rendered, Captain Hubbard proceeded to repair and calk the boat. They remained all on the raft till about nine o'clock on Saturday morning. At this time, with the consent and approbation of their fellow-sufferers, Captain Hubbard and five others put off in the boat, in the hope of gaining the shore

The separation doubled the chances of escape of the whole party, as, if the boat failed to procure assistance from the shore, it might fall in with some vessel that would be able to render the necessary assistance. They rigged a mast and sail from a split plank and table-cloth, and, with a piece of board for a rudder, were launched from the wreck, taking an affecting leave of those they left behind, and receiving the benediction of the clergyman, Dr. Woot, who after ward perished of fatigue and exhaustion.

After the lapse of five hours, having run down the coast with the view of selecting the least exposed situation, Captain Hubbard turned the head of the boat for the breakers, telling his companions that the most perilous moment had arrived, and that each must encounter it for himself. They had brought with them from the wreck as many planks as could be taken without encumbering the boat; and to these they trusted to effect their escape through the surf. The first breaker, the boat "rode like a duck," and was carried by it some two hundred yards. The second was surmounted with equal success. At the approach of the third, Captain Hubbard perceived that the boat was wavering; she

turned her side to it, and in a moment was capsized.

Captain Hubbard had seized a plank, which he threw to one of his companions, and trusted to his own strength for his safety. Four more breakers threw Captain Hubbard and three others on the beach; when, by the means of the boards and their own personal assistance, they succeeded in drawing their remaining companions, who were still struggling with the waters, to the shore. The point where they effected their landing was in Onslow Bay, a mile and a half south and west of the entrance to New River. At this bay they found a schooner; but such was the state of the weather, that it was impossible to get to sea in her, in the hope of rendering any assistance to those who were left on the wreck.

Captain Hubbard speaks in terms of the warmest admiration of the conduct of Miss Rebecca Lamar, and of her singular firmness and self-possession, with her never-failing effort to cheer and encourage them, and rally their sinking and despairing spirits. To use his own language, "She was our preserving angel." The other ladies on the wreck behaved with remarkable fortitude.

Among the survivors was Mr. Merritt of Mo-

bile, whose wife and child were both lost. When the explosion took place, Mr. M. indulged the hope that the boat would continue to float, and after hastening to his wife and child in the ladies' cabin, returned toward the middle of the boat to ascertain more distinctly the extent of the damage, and take such measures as might be within the power of the passengers to adopt, in order to prevent the water from coming in on the side where the boiler had exploded. A few moments, however, served to convince him that the boat must sink ;—he found the water entering on both sides, and also, apparently, through the bottom, and all hope of checking its ingress was abandoned. He then hastened back to the ladies' cabin, and on requesting them to dress themselves and be in readiness to meet the impending peril, a scene of terror and anguish ensued, which was well calculated to melt the stoutest heart. Women clung round him with entreaties that he would save them, while mothers as importunately begged, not for themselves, but for the preservation of their children.

In a short time the inmates of the ladies' cabin, together with a number of gentlemen, were assembled on the promenade deck, whither they had taken refuge in consequence of the continued

settling of the hull in the water. The further sinking of the hull and the parting of the promenade deck, as has been heretofore related, threw those that were on it into the sea, and among them Mr. Merritt, his wife, and child. Being an excellent swimmer, he was enabled to sustain both, although the difficulty of so doing was greatly increased by the close clinging of the mother to the child.

While thus engaged, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age caught hold of him for help, and he too was sustained, until Mr. M. proposed to him to mount a fragment of the wreck floating near. The boy accordingly mounted on it, and seemed to be so well able to maintain himself, that Mr. M. asked him to take his child on the fragment, which the lad readily acceded to. Mr. M. was now able to bestow his whole strength in supporting his wife, when, to his horror, he felt himself clasped from behind, around the lower part of his body, by the iron grasp of a stout, athletic man, evidently struggling for life.

An instant was sufficient to satisfy Mr. M. that the grasp of the man would drown them all, and telling his wife that this would be the case without he could extricate himself, he asked her to rally her strength for an effort to reach a piece

of the wreck close by, to which she assented. Giving her a push toward it with as much power as his peculiar situation would allow him to do, he saw her gain it. In the mean time his own case called for immediate relief, but he found himself, on making the effort, utterly unable to gain a release from the powerful hold, which was fastened around his body with an iron firmness. There was but one hope left, and there was not a moment allowed him to deliberate on it.

Mr. Merritt had been an expert swimmer and diver when a boy, and to sink under the waves with a man clinging to him was the last—the only resort remaining. They went down together, and the man relaxed his hold before Mr. Merritt's breath became exhausted. On rising again toward the surface he struck against pieces of the wreck which were now floating over him, and after some difficulty cleared them so as to breathe again; but on looking around he could discover neither his wife nor his child, nor the boy! What had occurred during the brief space that he was beneath the waves, he knew not, but he neither heard nor saw them any more.

Soon after, he reached what he supposed was a hatchway; and this sustained him pretty well. While thus floating he discovered near him a

man on a smaller fragment, evidently much exhausted. He called to him to come to the hatch as a place of greater safety, and after no little effort, his fellow-sufferer, who proved to be Mr. Stewart, was placed upon it. The weight of the two, however, was found to be rather too much for the hatch to sustain, and subsequently, when they fell in with a larger fragment, they drew the hatch upon it, and thus were enabled to float without being immersed. On this the two remained from Friday night until Sunday, having on Saturday experienced a heavy gale, which for hours threatened to destroy their frail float, and engulf them in the ocean. On Sunday they neared the land, and were finally cast ashore on the beach, on the North Carolina coast.

Mr. Merritt left his companion on the beach perfectly exhausted, and, although himself nearly worn out, went forward to discover a house. He had not proceeded very far, when, to his inexpressible joy, he descried a small hut, the sight of which renewed his strength and hopes. Bracing himself for a final effort, he pushed forward, although with tottering steps, and arriving at the door, found it to be a fisherman's hut — but *empty, and apparently deserted!*

Overcome by fatigue, hunger, and disappoint-

ment, he fell lifeless to the ground, and when he came to himself, found at his side three fishermen, who had arrived at the hut soon after he entered it, and having kindled a fire, had warmed and restored him to animation. Mr. Merritt immediately informed them of his comrade on the beach, and indicated, as well as he could, the direction, but the search proved ineffectual, although prolonged until dark.

On the following morning, however, a farmer, who had heard some rumors of the wreck, in riding toward the shore on an errand of mercy — if possibly he might find any one who needed it — discovered an object crawling over one of the sand-hills on the beach, which on a nearer approach he found to be a human being. It was the companion of Mr. Merritt, who had lain on the beach all night, too much exhausted to move. He was immediately conveyed to a place of shelter, where every kindness was shown to both the sufferers.

Mr. B. W. Fosdick, of Boston, who was on another of the small rafts, gave the following particulars of his escape :

“ The weather was pleasant the whole of the day which preceded the night of the terrible disaster. There was a fresh breeze and some

sea ; and, as is usual on the first day out, the greater part of the passengers were a little seasick, and some retired to their berths, or lay listlessly about on the settees upon deck ; and when evening came, most of them had retired. I was one of the number who did not *feel exactly well*, and went to bed, in the after cabin, about eight o'clock. I had slept for some hours, when, about eleven o'clock, I was awakened by a loud report, followed by a tremendous crash.

“ My first impression was, that we had gone ashore, or had run into some vessel. It did not occur to me that the boiler had burst ; and, finding myself uninjured, I dressed myself entirely, putting my watch in my pocket, and taking my hat, and from the pocket of my cloak a light cap, which I put into my hat, thinking it would be of use, in case I could not keep my hat upon my head.

“ Before I had finished dressing, a person ran down into the cabin, exclaiming, ‘ The boat is on fire—come up and bring buckets to extinguish it.’ This person, I believe, was Mr Sherman Miller. I never saw him afterward I immediately started for the deck, and, as I approached the cabin stairs, found that a number of the planks of the cabin floor had been torn up ;

and, as it was quite dark in the cabin, there being but one or two candles burning, I came near falling through into the hold.

“ When I reached the deck, I found that the boiler had burst. The confusion was very great. Men and women were running from one part to another, some calling for their wives, others for their husbands. On going forward, I found I could get no farther than the shaft. Beyond that, as far as the wheel-house, all appeared to be in ruins and in darkness; and, at every roll of the boat, the water would rush in. There was one solitary lantern near me, and this I lashed to the ceiling. In doing so, I saw a person among the ruins of the engine, trying to get out, and moaning and crying aloud, ‘ Gone — gone — gone — firemen, help me — firemen, help me!’ In a few minutes, some one came to his assistance, and extricated him. This person, I afterward learned, was one of the firemen.

“ I then went aft again, and, with some others, assisted in removing the rubbish in the gangway, for, at this time, not thinking that the boat would sink, we thought it best to have as clear a place as possible on deck. But we soon found this of no avail, for the water was rushing in

rapidly, and every one began to turn his attention to preparing something to support himself upon the water; such as lashing settees and tables together. A negro was discovered preparing something of this kind, and, on being asked what he was going to do, said, '*I am going to try to save my master,*' appearing perfectly regardless of himself.

"The two quarter-boats were lowered into the water; but when, I do not recollect, though I have an indistinct remembrance of seeing one of them lowered by two or three persons. The boat now appeared to be sinking pretty fast, and I climbed to the promenade deck, and there found some forty or fifty persons, many of whom were ladies. There was also a yawl-boat, which was filled with women and children, and, among them, the family of G. B. Lamar of Savannah. He himself and two or three other gentlemen were standing near the boat, to keep it in an upright position, when the promenade deck of the steamboat should sink, which, as the boat had broken in two in the middle, it had begun to do; and one end was already immersed in the water. For the purpose of assisting in keeping the small boat upright, I took hold of the bows.

“The water was now rushing on deck rapidly, and the forward part of the promenade deck sank so fast, that the bows of the yawl-boat filled with water, and a wave washed me from my hold, and I sank. When I rose, I found myself near a piece of plank, to which I clung; but this not being large enough to support me, I left it; and, after getting from one fragment of the wreck to another, I succeeded in finding a piece large enough to support me sitting, and upon this I remained some ten minutes, and took off my boots and loosened my dress, for my clothes were so full of water that I could scarcely move.

“I remained quiet some ten or fifteen minutes, when I heard persons calling out to me. The voices proceeded from a part of the ladies' cabin, on which there were two seamen, who offered me a place upon their raft. I made a desperate effort, and succeeded, by swimming, and by getting from plank to plank, in reaching it, and was pulled upon it almost exhausted. This piece of the ladies' cabin was then about ten feet wide, by forty-five feet long; but in the course of the night, we lost ten or fifteen feet of it. We sat upon the remnant all night, with the water about a foot deep.

“Friday morning came and disclosed to us our situation. We were out of sight of land. At a distance we saw three rafts. They were too far off for us to discern the persons upon them, but they all had signals flying. Upon our little raft we found a small chest, belonging to one of the firemen, which afterward served us for a seat; two mattresses, a sheet, a blanket, and some female wearing apparel. The mattresses we emptied of their contents, and with the covering of one of them we made a sail, which, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in putting up. It did us much service, for by noon we had almost entirely lost sight of the other rafts; and, in the afternoon, nothing was seen, as far as the eye could reach, but sky and water.

“But our spirits did not flag, for we thought that by the morning we must certainly fall in with some fishing-boats. We had found on the raft a tin box, the cover gone, containing some cake, wrapped up in a cloth. This was completely saturated with salt water, but we took a mouthful of it in the course of the day, and found it pretty good. There was also a keg, which floated on to the raft, containing a little gin; but this was not of much service, for it had become mixed with salt water. The night

came. The wind and sea increased, and we were obliged to take down our little sail. During the night the waves were constantly washing over our raft, and the water, at all times, stood a foot deep upon it.

“We sat close together upon the chest, which we lashed as well as we could to the raft, and wrapped ourselves up in the wet blanket and clothes, for the night air felt very cold, after having been exposed all day to a broiling sun. We were much fatigued, and once, during the night, we fell asleep, and were awakened by the upsetting of our seat, which nearly threw us overboard. Anxiously we watched the rising of the moon, which rose some hours after midnight; and still more, the rising of the sun, which we hoped would disclose to our weary eyes the sight of some distant sail.

“The sun at last did rise, but *there was nothing in sight*. For the first time we began to feel a little discouraged; but a little after six o'clock, to our joy, we saw land. We now redoubled our exertions. We paddled; we held up in our hands pieces of cloth; we did everything to propel our little craft, for we feared the wind might change, and blow off shore, in which case all hope would be lost, for we felt sure that our

raft could not hold together another day. As we neared the land, we found the surf was running pretty high, but there was a sandy shore and we felt no fear of this, for we saw the land, and we knew that soon our suspense would be at an end.

“About four o’clock in the afternoon of Saturday, we reached the breakers. The first breaker came over us with great violence, and so did the second. The third broke the raft in pieces, but we clung to the fragments, and soon found we could touch the bottom with our feet. In a few minutes we were safe upon *terra firma*, considerably bruised and sunburnt, but with our lives. And grateful did we feel to that Almighty arm, which, in the hour of danger, was stretched over us to save and protect! I forgot to mention that, on Saturday, a shark was following us nearly all the morning, but we frightened it away.

“Near the shore, which was at New River Inlet, N. C., we found the house of Mr. Henderson, who received us in the kindest manner, and did for us all in his power. Indeed, from every one we met we received the utmost hospitality, especially from some gentlemen of Newbern, who furnished us money to pay our expenses home. But we found that it was not much needed, for

neither the conductors of the railroad cars nor the captains of the steamboats would receive anything for our passage. I have thus made a statement of a part of what I saw on the dreadful night when the Pulaski was destroyed. All that I saw and heard, neither language can paint, nor tongue utter. The thought of it makes me shudder."

When the news of the destruction of the Pulaski reached New York, and it was believed that all on board had perished, the father of one of the ladies, who, it was known, had taken passage on board that boat, proceeded immediately to Baltimore, where he arrived without hearing further from the wreck. On entering his hotel, he inquired of the landlord, whether he had received any further intelligence from the Pulaski. "None," was the answer. "Were none saved?"—"None, it is believed, but the sixteen first mentioned."—"Do you know their names?"—"I do not remember them all, but the first was Mrs. ——. She and her party are safe and well." The inquirer fainted. The name was that of his daughter.

The cause of the disaster that befell the Pulaski was obviously the neglect of the second engineer in permitting the water to boil off, or to blow off in the starboard boiler, and then

letting in a full supply of water on the heated copper. One of the hands saved had, a few moments before the explosion, examined the steam-gauge, and found it fluctuating rapidly from twenty-six to twenty-nine inches. Another had just left the engine-room, when he heard the shrill whistling sound of high pressure steam, as the engineer tried the water-cock. In a few seconds the explosion took place.

The number of passengers on board was about one hundred and fifty; and the officers and crew numbered thirty-three. The whole number saved was fifty-nine.

CHAPTER XX.

LOSS OF THE HOME, WHICH SPRANG ALEAK OFF
CAPE HATTERAS.

ON Saturday, the seventh of October, 1837, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the steam-packet Home, commanded by Captain White, left New York for Charleston, S. C. She carried between eighty and ninety passengers. The boat's crew including the officers numbered forty-three—making in all about one hundred and thirty persons. The weather was fine with a light breeze from the southwest.

The next day, however, toward evening, the wind changed and blew with severity. At seven o'clock on Monday morning, they saw land about fifty miles to the northward of Cape Hatteras. The gale increased. In passing the Wimble Shoals the boat received the shock of three heavy seas on her larboard beam, which stove in the

after gangway, several of the larboard state-room windows, and one of the dining-room windows.

On the afternoon of Monday, it was ascertained by the engineer that the boat had commenced leaking badly. All hands were called to the pumps. The leak continued to increase, and, at eight o'clock in the evening, all hope was abandoned by the captain that he should be enabled to run up under the lee of Cape Hatteras. In the mean time the passengers and crew were incessantly engaged in bailing and passing buckets.

The only alternative now was to run the boat on shore. The squaresail was set with the view of pressing her in to the land; but the vessel being water-logged, little progress was made. About ten o'clock they saw the breakers on the starboard bow, and ahead. In a few moments the boat struck. The deck and upper houses were immediately exposed to the full force of the sea, and many were swept off and drowned.

The boat now began to break in pieces, and all was dismay and confusion. A most heart-rending scene commenced. Wives clinging to husbands—children to parents, and women, who were without protectors, seeking aid from the arm of the stranger. One mother sustained in a noble manner the character, which in all ages

has distinguished maternal affection. Her infant was in her arms, pressed close to her bosom, as if the whisperings of hope inspired the devoted woman with a belief that the feeble protection of a mother's love would shield her child from the raging elements. But for a moment did this dream of hope last; a wave wrested the infant from her grasp and hurled it into the foaming waters. A convulsive shriek proclaimed the anguish of the bereaved mother, and, before the relentless surge could hide her lost one for ever, she sprang among the breakers and perished.

Of the passengers, sixty-eight were lost and twenty saved. Of the latter, two only were females. Of the crew there were in all forty-three, and of these the captain and nineteen of the boat's company alone were saved.

The cause of this terrible disaster was the unseaworthiness of the vessel. However well she might have performed her accustomed trips on a calm river, she never should have ventured outside of Sandy Hook, being totally unfit for ocean navigation. As the gale increased, the awful and portentous insufficiency of the frail bark began to be developed. The hull bent and twisted, when struck by a sea, as if the next would rend it asunder. After she struck, her destruction

was as rapid as that of the unfortunate crew. She went to pieces in less than half an hour. In this case we perceive how many human beings were led to destruction by the criminal neglect of those, who had assumed the responsibility of protecting their lives, by all the means which human prudence could provide.

One of the surviving passengers of the Home, a lad of seventeen, sent the following account of the dreadful occurrence in a letter to his brother :

“On the evening of Sunday I retired to my berth, but awoke very early. The boat seemed to be in a heavy sea. As she plunged and rose, the whole cabin appeared to bend, suggesting a fear that she would break in two. Occasionally a wave would seem to break over her bows. At one time the skylight was broken and a light put out, and the same moment a table seemed overturned, causing quite a confusion. I was almost afraid to rise for fear of sea-sickness. I kept down a momentary sickness, however, and about daylight went on deck. Captain Hill stood by the cabin door, looking out upon the sea. He was a sailor, and had long braved the ocean. The waves were terrible. They came tossing their huge forms along, not in smooth

swells, but, as it seemed to me, *steeple-shaped*. The boat could not ride over their summits, from her length, and was often exposed to their fury, racking her very much.

“ I asked Captain Hill if such seas were often met with. He told me the sea was tremendous for anything, especially a steamboat ; that we were to the northeast of Cape Hatteras, ten miles off a lee shore, and that it was doubtful whether we could weather the cape. This was the first I knew of our real danger. I went aft, and found Mr. Prince and several others near the door of the saloon. The gale continued in all its fury till the middle of the afternoon. During this time Mrs. Prince, with several other sick ladies, lay at the aft end of the saloon ; at first on the larboard side, but at length the spray dashed through the windows, and they were removed to the other side. Near the door were gathered a gloomy group. Here sat one with his life-preserver under his arm, prepared for use ; some were leaning on the tables, seemingly asleep ; others anxiously conversing, while Captain Hill and several others were passing in and out ; now watching the course of the vessel, now bringing reports of our progress. The tables which had been drawn out for our meal,

were misplaced by the rolling of the boat ; the sea dashed with tremendous shocks under the guards, sometimes driving a body of spray against the windows. It was feared that if we did not really break in two in the middle, the seams would open, thus causing a leak.

“ We seemed to be slowly nearing Cape Hatteras, yet hour after hour passed, and it was not in sight. About noon, some one brought the news, that we were off a wreck, thirty-five miles north of the cape. This was bad news, for it might be night before we doubled. Some of the ladies begged that we should run ashore. It seemed the intention, however, to hold on. The boat, having stood thus long, it was thought could hold out several hours, by which time the storm must abate, and we could run ashore when all other hope failed. About the middle of the afternoon, we were close to the cape. Preparations were made in case we should run ashore. A rope was fastened round the pillars of the saloon, and Mr. Prince set the example of cutting blankets into strips to tie ourselves in case of necessity. I sat upon one of the tables, cold and wet ; had pulled off my boots, that I might have no impediment in swimming.

“ I believed my end was approaching, and in

that hour I hope I was enabled to put my trust in Him, who rules the waters, and say, 'Thy will be done.' I had my pocket Bible with me, and it was a treasure in that awful scene. I looked around for sympathy; Mrs. Prince was lying on the side seat, and I had the sweet consolation of knowing, from her lips, (she could only whisper, from weakness,) that she placed her hope on high. She told me she had been wishing for some one to talk to her. I expected soon to meet her elsewhere, but she is gone, and I am left. Expecting soon to have our fate decided, I told Mr. Prince that if he survived me, I wished him to inform my friends that I died contented. Upon which he told me that if he was lost and I saved, and should proceed to his friends, to tell them, that 'his last thoughts were, that he was glad their children were not with them.' We remained in suspense some time, not knowing but each moment would be our last. Captain Hill, who had done much to encourage the ladies, now came aft; he told us we had passed the cape; that the boat, having stood the waves thus far, would no doubt ride out the storm.

"This renewed our spirits. I went down to my berth and put on some dry clothing. Locking my trunk, I did not restrap it, and perhaps from

this cause it dashed to pieces. Taking a blanket and a pillow, I returned to the saloon, intending there to pass the night. Soon after, as I was reclining, I heard a man say something, in a low voice, about a leak, and I noticed, from a compass suspended overhead, that our head was turned to land. Before long the call was given, 'Passengers to the pumps!' All that were able and willing went. Soon the cry was more urgent, 'All hands to the pumps and bailing!' The seasick and unwilling were driven to work by the entreaties of the ladies, and the mass of passengers were soon working for their lives.

"A gang was formed by one of the pumps, and one of the passengers stood by giving the word, 'No. 1 leave, No. 2 retire,' &c., as their places were supplied by fresh hands. A hole was cut through the floor of the centre cabin, and a line formed, passing the full buckets up one side and down on the other to be refilled. 'Buckets, pass along the buckets!' was the cry, as some flagged, through weariness. Mr. Prince was here. He had a complaint in the chest, so that it pained him to lift: but he still exerted himself. By his advice another hole was cut, and two lines formed, one passing up the gentlemen's stairs, and the other from the

ladies' cabin into the saloon. I was in the latter. By this time we were all much fatigued; but we must keep on. The water was rising, the land far off, and, to add to our distress, the machinery was stopping. The wind seemed to abate, and the boat to roll less, but she was settling in the water fast. Some gave out from sheer exhaustion, and we soon had not enough to pass the buckets. Some of the ladies now came down to assist us. They worked cheerfully. Beside me was a young lady whose delicate hands seemed little fitted to so rough a task. Finally we became so much exhausted that we could only sit down and shove the buckets along. Here I saw Mr. Cowles, who was almost unable to move a bucket, working with the rest.

“At length, when in a very short time we must have swamped, the boat neared the shore and struck. All in the cabins immediately ascended. From the saloon the word was given to pass forward. Then I think I saw Mr. and Mrs. Prince. If so, it was the last I saw of them. All now pressed forward. I was afterward told that many ladies were swept overboard by a heavy sea just in front of the saloon. With the crowd I was jammed into the left-hand passage.

Here were husbands, and wives, and women, looking in vain for safety. Now the crowd advanced, and again recoiled. The waves seemed to be breaking up the steamer. I stood upon the shaft among several women, clinging to the tiller-rope, which passed along the side.

“The boat seemed parting asunder. Each billow wrenched apart new fastenings, and brought destruction nearer. At length a chasm appeared overhead. The roof was breaking from the side, threatening to fall on us. A chimney, too, was falling, and I expected to be crushed in the ruins. I put my hand in an opening to climb up; the boat rocked on a billow, the crevice closed, and fastened me in my place. Another roll, however, set me free, and I managed to climb up and gain the roof behind the wheel. A few persons were here before me, part clinging to the fore and aft brace, which supported the machinery, others to the wheel, others again to the gallows from under the bell. About this time the moon shone out, pale and cold, dimly lighting the dismal scene.

“The bell was tolled for assistance, and amid the roar of waters formed a fitting knell for those beneath. Piece after piece was now breaking off and floating away, some with a living

burden. The roof on which I stood began to incline, and soon fell into the sea. I clung to the brace. A mother and her child were there. The child slipped from its hold and fell among the floating ruins, and its shrill shrieks mingled with the agonized cries of the mother. The brace soon began to fall. Releasing my hold, I removed more toward the middle. The wheel rocked a while, and fell with its burden. The gallows frame, with its bell still tolling, stood firmly imbedded in the machinery, and seemed likely to remain; but the high, froth-crested waves came battering against it with tremendous force — it rocked a while, inclined, and fell. At the same time came my turn. Some pieces of the wreck were clinging together, and among them was an inclined platform, formed, I think, from part of the roof. To the upper part of this I clung.

“With me was another boy, and one or two men. We parted from the wreck and floated off. The breakers soon dashed under the platform and nearly overturned it. I had thrown off my coat, vest, cap, and shoes, and was chilled with the cold wind and spray, and almost exhausted, when I first saw land. Over the tops of the breakers it looked either like rocks or

hills at a distance. A few moments after, we grounded. I remember one of the men here jumped off and seemed to gain the shore. I was too stiff to attempt it. The waves soon broke my raft apart, and overwhelmed me. The breakers came in like perpendicular walls of foam, several feet high. It was impossible for any object to keep on the surface, and, rolling over and over as they ascended the beach, the undertow would come back with great force, sweeping everything that had not a secure hold back into the sea.

“A moment after I was in the water I felt the ground, but my feet were swept from under me, and I felt myself washing about in all directions, sometimes on my face, and sometimes on my back. At length, after I had swallowed much water and felt nearly gone, I found that the waves had left me not more than ankle deep in the water. I scrambled on my hands and knees (I could not rise) till I gained the shore. I was almost in a state of stupor, and remember seeing no one then. I crawled up into a hillock, and threw the sand over me to shield me from the wind. Here, in a dream-like state, I remained till morning.

“I was very stiff, and it was broad daylight

when I first got up to look about me. Before me was a broad beach, which the retiring waves had left; the breakers were still foaming on the strand, and just within their influence were seen the boilers, all that remained together of the beautiful packet 'Home.' I could see groups of people gathered along the shore. Some of the islanders came up and erected a partition of boards to shield us from the wind. One lent me a fisherman's coat and a neckerchief. A basket of apples which had been thrown ashore furnished the means to allay hunger. We must have presented a strange appearance. I was completely saturated with salt water and fine sand. My face and hands were coated with it. Before I left this hillock, Captains Hill and Salter came up. The first told me, wiping a tear that he had lost his wife; his clothes were in tatters, and his hand badly burnt. I heard mention of a house where most seemed going, and thither I directed my steps.

"I found the beach covered with fragments. In several places the baggage, bedding, &c. were gathered together, and guards set over them. I also saw several dead bodies laid out and among them the body of Mrs. Prince. The sight did not much affect me, for I was wet,

sore, and shivering, and anxious to get to a house. My feelings were benumbed, I think, for I have since been as much affected by reading the account of these scenes as I was while an actor in them. Before long the steward came along on horseback and took me up behind him. We rode along the beach several miles ; it was every where strewn with fragments of the wreck. Here was an empty trunk, there a barrel of biscuit, there a parcel of fowls, and there a fragment of cloth. After a while we left the beach and struck off through the woods to the lighthouse. After this I did not go to the beach, the houses at Ocracock being several miles from the wreck.”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON IN LONG ISLAND
SOUND.

THE memory of the catastrophe that befell the Lexington is so recent in the minds of the public, that the details we are about to give may not have the attraction of novelty for many.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the thirteenth of January, 1840, the steamboat Lexington left New York for Stonington in Connecticut. She had on board about one hundred passengers, and her crew numbered thirty. The weather, though not stormy, was cold. Supper passed off without any apprehension of danger, and many were preparing to retire to their berths, when the fearful cry of *fire* was heard. A simultaneous rush was made for the deck. The fire was discovered near the smoke-pipe, and the deck being encumbered with bales of cotton, it extended with wonderful rapidity. The engineer

was driven from his station by the flames, and the action of the devouring element was accelerated by the motion of the boat, which it was impossible to stop. The pilot endeavored to head her for the land; but the wheel-ropes gave way, and he was driven from his station almost suffocated, and the boat was left to plough the waves at random.

Some of the passengers rushed to the quarter boats, but in their too great eagerness to lower them they were swamped and lost. A life-boat was also lost, by being drawn under the wheel and torn away from those who held the warp. The fire had now cut off all communication between the bow and stern of the boat. As the bags of cotton became enveloped in the flames, they would burst with an explosive force, filling the atmosphere with the burning flakes, and descending in showers upon the dark surface of the waters. On board of the Lexington were collected the pious and the learned, the rich and the poor, the mechanic, the mariner, the merchant, the lawyer, and the comedian. There were those just returning from years of wandering in foreign climes; who had sailed on other seas, when the hurricane swept forth in its greatest fury; others who had been on board of ships when destroyed

by fire and shipwreck ; one who was at Conception in South America, during the great earthquake of 1835, when, in the short space of six minutes, that city was laid in ruins, where the stunning noise of falling houses, the horrible cracking of the earth, the stifling heat, the blinding, smothering clouds of dust, all dwindled before the present terrific scene, with all the horrors of its swift-approaching and inevitable result.

“Aghast, with horror-stifled breath,
They see three ministers of death
Around them wait, around them press,
In that cold, billowy wilderness —
The Flood, the Flame, the numbing Frost!
No hope ! no rescue ! Lost ! lost ! lost !
Ill-fated crew ! to shun the wave,
Some try the fiery heat to brave,
Till in their fearful agony
They leap despairing in the sea : —
Some fly the unpitying flames, to sink
At once beneath the ocean’s brink.
The mother shrieks to see her child
Torn from her by the waters wild.
And some go mad with their despair,
And some to heaven look up in prayer.
Wit, goodness, beauty, youth and age,
The brave, the gallant, and the sage,
Are there — but Death his tribute takes,
And of them no distinction makes.
Ah ! Fancy shudders to recite

The scenes of that terrific night.
A few escaped to tell the tale,
And make the listening world turn pale.
And many a heart, made desolate
By that relentless blow of Fate,
Yet starts, as at a signal gun,
At mention of the Lexington."

Among those who perished on this occasion were Dr. Follen, a distinguished clergyman, and Mr. Finn, a favorite comic actor. In a sermon preached in commemoration of the former, Dr Channing appropriately says :

"It was not the physical pain which I shuddered at, when I first heard of that night of horrors. It was the mental agony of those who, in a moment of health and security, were roused to see distinctly the abyss opening before them, to see God's awful ministers of fire and sea commissioned to sunder at once every hold on life, and to carry them so unwarned into the unknown world. Even this agony, however, in the first moment of our grief and horror, was, perhaps, exaggerated.

"When my mind, composed by time, now goes back to that flame-encircled boat, I search for one among the crowd, who was singularly dear to me, the close and faithful friend of many

years ; and as he rises to my mind, I see no terror on his countenance. I see him with collected mind and quick eye looking round him for means of escape, using every energy of a fearless spirit, thoughtful, too, of others as well as himself, and desisting from no efforts of love and prudence till the power of effort failed. I see, indeed, one agony ; it was the thought that the dear countenances of wife, and child, and beloved friend, were to be seen no more on earth. I see another, perhaps deeper agony ; it was the thought of the wo which his loss was to inflict on hearts dearer to him than life. But even at that hour his love was not all agony ; for it had always lived in unison with faith. He had loved spiritually ; he had revered in his friends an infinite, undying nature ; he had cherished in them principles and hopes stronger than death. I cannot doubt that, in that fearful hour, he committed them and himself with filial trust to the all-merciful Father. I cannot doubt that death was disarmed of its worst terrors — that the spirit passed away in breathings of unutterable love and immortal hope. Thus died one of that seemingly forlorn, desolate, forsaken company ; I hope thus others died. But one such example mingles with the terrors and agonies of that night so much that

is heavenly, soothing, cheering, that I can look at the scene without overwhelming gloom, and without one doubt of the perfect goodness of God.”

Four persons only were saved from this terrible fire : Mr. Crowley, the second mate, Captain Manchester, the pilot, Captain Chester Hilliard, a passenger, and Charles E. Smith, a fireman. Captain Manchester gave the following account of his own adventures and escape :

“ About half past seven o’clock, some one came to the wheel-house door, and told me the boat was on fire. On looking aft, I saw the upper deck burning all round the smoke-pipe, blazing up two or three feet. The flame appeared to be in a thin sheet all around the smoke-pipe, coming up through the promenade deck. I then returned into the wheel-house, and put the helm *hard a-port*, to steer for the Long Island shore, about four miles distant. But before she headed for the shore, Captain Child came and took hold of the spoke of the wheel, and something gave way, which I believe was the tiller-rope.

“ The smoke now came into the wheel-house so thick, that Captain Child was obliged to go out ; and I followed him. I then called to them on the fore-castle to get out the fire-engine and

uckets: the engine was got out, but they could not get at the buckets; or, at least, I only saw a few. I now went to the life-boat, and found some persons taking the tarpawling off it. I caught hold of the lashing of the boat, and requested them not to let her go until we got a line fastened to her. The fire was then burning through the promenade deck. I cut the lashing, and told them to launch the boat. I jumped down on the forward deck, took hold of the hawser, and found it was not fastened to the steamboat. I told them to hold on to the rope, but they all let go one after another; the engine was still going, and I was obliged also to give up my hold.

“ We then found two buckets, and commenced throwing water with boxes that had been emptied of specie. While doing this some others took the flag-staffs and parts of the bulwarks and made a raft, to which we made a line fast and hove it over the side of the boat. We then threw the baggage overboard from four baggage-cars, and made them fast with a line. The engine was now stopped. We threw out every thing by which we thought any person could be saved.

“ The main deck now fell in as far as the cap-

stan. The people had by this time got overboard. Some of them were drowning, and others hurrying on to the baggage-cars, the rafts, and other articles afloat. What was left of the main deck was now on fire; and we were cornered up in so small a space that we could do nothing more by throwing water. There were then only eight or ten persons astern, on the steamboat, and about thirty on the forecastle. They asked me what they should do, and I told them there was no chance for any of us; that if we stayed there we should be burned to death, and if we went overboard we should probably perish.

“I then took a piece of spun-yarn and made it fast to my coat, and also to the rail, and so eased myself down upon the raft. There were two or three others on it already, and my weight sank it. I held on to the rope until it came up again; and when it did, I sprang up and caught a piece of railing, which was in the water, and thence got on a bale of cotton, where there was a man sitting. Finding the bale was made fast to the railing, I took out my knife, and cut it off. I saw a man standing on the piece of railing; he asked me if there was room for another. I made no answer, and he jumped and knocked off the

man who was with me, and I hauled him on again. I caught a piece of board, which was floating past me, and shoved the bale off from the raft. I then used the board to endeavor to reach the shore at Crane Neck Point, but in this I could not succeed.

“ When I left the wreck, I looked at my watch ; it was twelve o’clock. The man on the bale with me said his name was M’Kinney, and that he lived in New York ; he died about three o’clock. When I hauled him on the bale I encouraged him, and told him to thrash his hands. My hands now became so frozen that I could not use them at all. The last thing I recollect was seeing the sloop, and I raised my handkerchief, hoping some one would see me. I was then sitting on the cotton, with my feet in the water. The cotton never rolled at all, although there were some heavy seas. The man who was on the bale spoke of his wife and children ; he said he had kissed them the morning he left home, and that he was never before through the Sound. I was taken off the cotton by Captain Meeker, and carried to Southport, where I received every possible attention.”

CHAPTER XXII.

RESCUE OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE ENGLISH SHIP SCOTIA, BY CAPTAIN COLLINS, OF THE SHIP ROSCIUS, OF NEW YORK.

It was on the fifth of December, 1839, that the Roscius fell in with the wreck of the Scotia, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, water-logged, in latitude 46° , longitude $32^{\circ} 30'$. On seeing signals of distress flying, Captain Collins altered his course, and bore down and hailed her. The answer was: "We are water-logged — seventeen feet water in the hold." The prompt reply of Captain Collins was, "If you want to come on board, put out your boats." A cheer from the people of the sinking vessel followed; such a cry as men in desperate circumstances alone could utter.

An effort was now made to approach the Roscius, but the water-logged vessel was utterly unmanageable. She pitched heavily, as if she

would have gone down headlong. The seas swept over her, and, as she rose, broke through her broken ports. Her mizen-topmast and fore and main topgallan.masts had been cut away to ease her, and the poop-deck, where the crew were congregated, seemed the only place of safety left them.

In attempting to near the Roscius, she came staggering down on her, and the crew of the former vessel were compelled to make sail to get out of her way. The sea was very heavy. The Roscius again lay to ; she was about a mile from the Scotia. Night came on, and no boats were seen. The unfortunate Scotia was then lost sight of altogether. About six o'clock, Captain Collins hoisted a lantern, and the light was immediately answered by the Scotia. It was the opinion of Captain Collins that one of their boats had put off, and had been swamped in attempting to reach them, and that the survivors had determined to wait till morning before another attempt was made. It seemed, indeed, doubtful in the extreme, if any small boat could live in such a sea.

It is difficult sufficiently to commend the conduct of Captain Collins. His anxiety to reach Liverpool before the steamer, which was to have

sailed six days after him, made every moment of importance. There were, moreover, seventy steerage passengers on board the *Roscius*, and twenty-one in the cabin; and to forego taking advantage of a fair wind, and to lay to for a night in a heavy sea, with every appearance of an approaching gale, was a determination, which, we greatly fear, many a master of a ship would have hesitated to adopt. Captain Collins, however, made this resolution promptly, and without any expression of impatience at the detention it occasioned. His only observation was, "We must stay by the poor fellows, at all events, till morning—we can't leave them to perish there."

At seven in the evening, cheering was heard in the direction of the *Scotia*. In the course of an hour, the long-boat of the *Scotia*, filled with men, was on the lee quarter of the *Roscius*. By the admirable arrangements which were then made by Captain Collins for rescuing them, the men were taken on board without the least accident. This boat brought eighteen: the captain and five men had still remained on board, and were preparing to put off in the jolly-boat. No little anxiety was felt for the safety of this little boat. In the course of half an hour, how-

ever, she was seen, and with two oars only she gained the *Roscius*; and the captain and his five men were soon taken on board.

To the credit of the poor master of the *Scotia*, be it observed, that he, Captain Jeans, was the last man to leave the sinking ship. The anxiety expressed by the men, who came in the first boat, for the safety of their captain, and, indeed, the terms in which the whole of his people, then and subsequently, spoke of Captain Jeans, showed how highly he was respected and esteemed by his crew; and if he had not been so, he would probably not have kept his ship so long afloat. Nor was the anxiety of Captain Jeans for the safety of his crew less manifest. The first question he asked, on coming on board the *Roscius*, was, "Are all my people safe?" The captain and crew were all Scotch, and their conduct throughout reflected no discredit on their country.

When they came on board, they were worn out with continual exertion. The men had been night and day at the pumps, since the previous Tuesday; but, exhausted as they were, they immediately turned to, and with one accord went on deck and did duty with the crew; and no sooner were the boats cast adrift, than there was ample occasion for their services. A violent

gale from the northeast set in, which must have rendered it utterly impossible for the people to have taken to their boats, and the violence of which, on the following day, must have been inevitably fatal, for it would have been impossible to have kept the pump going. Even before the gale from the northeast set in, the sea was making a clear breach over the sinking vessel, and threatening to carry away her poop-cabin, the last place of refuge left the poor people of the Scotia, except the top, where they had already stowed water and provisions, in the momentary expectation of being compelled to abandon the deck. And thus, providentially, were twenty-four human beings preserved from a watery grave.

On reaching Liverpool, Captain Jeans addressed the following letter to Captain Collins:—
“Sir, — On behalf of myself and crew, I beg leave to express to you the heart-felt gratitude we cherish for the assistance you rendered to us when, on the fifth instant, the vessel I commanded, the Scotia, bound from Quebec to Greenock, being water-logged, and myself and my people worn out with continual exertion — and still, unfortunately, unable to keep her free — you promptly consented to take us on, and thereby

rescued us from certain death. For all the kindness and generous treatment we have subsequently received from you, we thank you from our hearts, and in the prayers of ourselves and families you never can be forgotten.”

The following lines by Dr. Madden, one of the passengers in the *Roscius*, were addressed to Captain Collins on this occasion : —

Heroes can boast “ their thousands, and their tens
 Of thousands,” slaughtered on the field of strife —
 And this was glory ! O, what countless pens
 And tongues extol the waste of human life ! —
 This mighty carnage is a theme that’s rife
 With praise and plaudits, and the chief, whose sword
 Does bolder mischief than the dastard’s knife,
 And deals out wider carnage, is adored
 And aggrandized, while minor cut-throats are abhorred.

Is there for bloodless exploits no renown ?
 Is there no tongue for living acts of love ?
 No pens for themes of mercy freely shown
 By man himself to man ? no power to move
 The heart by deeds which angels might approve ?
 Is there no fame for him whose soul is bent
 On high achievements, prompted from above ?
 No breath of honor, with the goodness blent,
 That stirs to save when life itself is almost spent ?

If guilt there’s none like his, whose hand accursed
 Hath shed man’s blood, can goodness then compare
 With that thrice-blessed influence, whose first

And chiefest wish and effort is to spare? —
 To snatch one's fellow-creatures from despair,
 On danger's brink and on the verge of death? —
 To come with help and succor to them there;
 And when their souls are sick to breathe the breath
 Of hope, and fan the sinking flame of life beneath?

Fame! let thy trumpet sound the warrior's praise,
 Glory be his who courts the world's applause!
 Honor for him who seeks the public gaze,
 And acts for it till some new claim withdraws
 Its future smiles. Thou, in a bolder cause,
 And for a better meed than human fame,
 Didst rescue numbers from the very jaws
 Of death itself, nor cared from whence they came;
 To save and succor all, was thy sole end and aim.

O, when thou hast to meet thy God on high,
 On record, then, that thrilling cry of theirs,
 Which rent the air, on hearing thy reply,
 And made the deck resound with thankful prayers —
 May this deed prove the death of all thy fears,
 The life of all thy hopes! O, may it plead
 In thy behalf with Him, who ever hears
 The poor man's prayer; and find thou hast, indeed,
 To his poor suffering members been a friend in need.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOSS OF THE WILLIAM BROWN — BURNING OF THE
ERIE.

THE packet-ship *Louis Philippe*, from New York, arrived at Havre the tenth of May, 1841, bringing information of one of the most tragical occurrences in the annals of nautical adventure. On the arrival in dock, a strong body of the gendarmerie were in waiting, and immediately took into custody the mate and eight of the crew of the ship *William Brown*, bound from Liverpool for Philadelphia, which was sunk by an iceberg a few weeks before. From an examination before the American and British consuls, the following extraordinary facts were elicited.

The *William Brown*, George L. Harris, captain, left Liverpool for Philadelphia the thirteenth of March, 1841. Her company consisted of seventeen persons, and she had sixty-five

steerage passengers, nearly all Irish, with a full cargo on board. The passage was very rough, accompanied by squalls and loss of sails. On the night of the nineteenth of April, at nine o'clock, while going under all sails at the rate of ten knots an hour, in latitude 43 degrees 40 minutes north, and longitude 43 degrees 39 minutes west, she struck an iceberg on her larboard side. Her larboard bow was staved in by the encounter, and in two minutes she struck another field of ice. The ship soon began to fill, and the captain and crew got out the boats, which were cleared away at eleven. The mate, with eight of the crew and thirty-three of the passengers, went into the long-boat. The captain, lieutenant, a female, and five sailors embarked in the jolly-boat. The boats were for a time fastened together. At midnight the vessel sank, carrying with her thirty-three persons. The two boats remained alongside each other until five o'clock in the morning, when the captain steered for Newfoundland.

The long-boat, being very heavily laden with so many persons, forty-two in all, could not be managed, and the mate had to steer toward the south. At night she fell in with more ice, and the wind came on to blow hard. The boat

began to leak badly, and shipped a good deal of water. Finding she was likely to sink, the mate consulted with the crew, and it was deemed necessary to throw overboard such of the passengers as were nearly dead!

Sixteen human beings were then cast alive into the sea, and perished. Those in the boat were nearly stiff with the extreme cold. Shortly after, a ship hove in sight, and the captain, who happened to be aloft looking out for ice, saw the boat, and stood for her at the imminent risk of his own safety. This proved to be the *Crescent*, Captain Ball, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Of the sixteen passengers thrown into the sea, fourteen were men and two women. Of the seventeen saved, fifteen were women and two men. One of these men was seized for the purpose of being thrown overboard by the crew of the boat. He cried out to the mate to save him, and not to tear him from his wife. The mate told the men not to separate man and wife if it could be avoided. The man fell into the bottom of the boat and was saved. A boy, twelve years old, was thrown overboard. He caught hold of the boat, and, favored by the darkness of the night, crouched under the bows and was saved

There were two brothers and a sister of one family. The brothers were thrown over, and the sister jumped in after them. One fine boy implored that he might be spared a few moments to say his prayers. The request was refused, and the unhappy youth hurled head foremost into the sea. Some clung to the sides of the boat, praying for mercy, but their hands were cut off, and they were pushed into the deep. Only one hour after this brutal massacre, the Crescent fell in with the boat, and saved the survivors.

The steamboat Erie, under command of Captain Titus, left the dock at Buffalo on the afternoon of August the ninth, 1841, laden with merchandise, destined for Chicago. As nearly as could be ascertained, she had on board about two hundred persons, including passengers and crew.

The boat had been thoroughly overhauled and recently varnished. At the moment of her starting, though the wind was blowing fresh, everything promised a pleasant and prosperous voyage. Nothing occurred to mar this prospect till about eight o'clock in the evening, when the boat was off Silver Creek, about eight miles from the shore, and thirty-three miles from the city, when a slight explosion was heard, and immediately, almost instantaneously, the whole vessel

was enveloped in flames. Among the passengers were six painters, who were going to Erie to paint the steamboat Madison. They had with them demijohns filled with spirits of turpentine and varnish, which, unknown to Captain Titus, were placed on the boiler-deck directly over the boilers. One of the firemen, who was saved, says he had occasion to go on deck, and seeing the demijohns, removed them. They were replaced, but by whom is not known. Their inflammable contents undoubtedly aided the flames in their rapid progress.

Captain Titus, who was on the upper deck at the time of the explosion, rushed to the ladies' cabin to obtain the life-preservers, of which there were about one hundred on board; but so violent was the heat, he found it impossible to enter the cabin. He returned to the upper deck, on his way giving orders to the engineer to stop the engine, the wind and the headway of the boat increasing the fierceness of the flames and driving them aft. The engineer replied, that in consequence of the flames he could not reach the engine. The steersman was instantly directed to put the helm hard a starboard. She swung slowly round, heading to the shore, and the boats — there were three on board — were then

ordered to be lowered. Two of the boats were lowered, but in consequence of the heavy sea on, and the headway of the vessel, they both swamped as soon as they touched the water.

We will not attempt to describe the awful and appalling condition of the passengers. Some were frantic with fear and horror, others plunged headlong madly into the water, others again seized upon anything buoyant upon which they could lay hands. The small boat forward had been lowered. It was alongside the wheel, with three or four persons in it, when the captain jumped in, and the boat immediately dropped astern filled with water. A lady floated by with a life-preserver on. She cried for help. There was no safety in the boat. The captain threw her the only oar in the boat. She caught the oar and was saved. It was Mrs. Lynde of Milwaukee, and she was the only lady who escaped.

In this condition, the boat, a mass of fierce fire, and the passengers and crew endeavoring to save themselves by swimming or supporting themselves by whatever they could reach—they were found by the steamboat Clinton, at about ten o'clock that night. The Clinton had left Buffalo in the morning, but, in consequence of the wind, had put into Dunkirk. She lay there

till nearly sunset — at which time she ran out, and had proceeded as far as Barcelona, when just at twilight the fire of the Erie was discovered some twenty miles astern. The Clinton immediately put about and reached the burning wreck.

It was a fearful sight. All the upper works of the Erie had been burned away. The engine was standing, but the hull was a mass of dull, red flames. The passengers and crew were floating around, screaming in their agony, and shrieking for help. The boats of the Clinton were instantly lowered and manned, and every person that could be seen or heard was picked up, and every possible relief afforded. The Lady, a little steanboat lying at Dunkirk, went out of that harbor as soon as possible, after the discovery of the fire, and arrived soon after the Clinton. By one o'clock in the morning, all was still except the melancholy crackling of the flames. Not a solitary individual could be seen or heard on the wild waste of waters. A line was then made fast to the remains of the Erie's rudder, and an effort made to tow the hapless hulk ashore. About this time the Chautauque came up and lent her assistance.

The hull of the Erie was towed within about

four miles of shore, when it sank in eleven fathoms of water. By this time it was daylight. The lines were cast off. The Clinton headed her course for Buffalo, which place she reached about six o'clock.

Upon inquiry, it was found that there had been between thirty and forty cabin-passengers, of whom ten or twelve were ladies. In the steerage there were about one hundred and forty passengers, nearly all of whom were Swiss and German emigrants. The whole number of persons on board, who were saved, did not exceed twenty-seven.

All that the imagination can conceive of the terrible and heart-rending was realized in the awful destruction of this boat. Scores sank despairingly under the wild waters, but there is reason to fear that many, very many, strong men, helpless women, and tender children perished in the flames.

Among the passengers were a young gentleman and lady, who first became acquainted with each other on board. The lady was accompanied by her father. Upon an intimacy of a few hours, an attachment seems to have been formed between this couple. When the passengers rushed to the deck, after the bursting forth of the flames,

the lady discovered her new acquaintance on a distant part of the deck, forced her way to him, and implored him to save her. The only alternative left them was to jump overboard, or to submit to a more horrible fate. They immediately jumped, the gentleman making the first plunge, with a view of securing for the young and fair being, who had measurably committed to his hands her safety, a plank floating a short distance from the boat. As soon as the plank was secured, the lady leaped into the water, and was buoyed up by her clothes until the gentleman was enabled to float the plank to her. For a short time the young man thought that his fair charge was safe ; but soon his hopes were blasted — one of the falling timbers struck the lady on the head, her form sank upon the water, a momentary quivering was perceptible, and she disappeared from human view. Her father was lost, but the young gentleman was among the number picked up by the Clinton.

There was a fine race-horse on board, who, soon after the alarm, broke from his halter at the bow of the boat, and dashed through the crowd of passengers, prostrating all in his way ; and then, rendered frantic by terror and pain, he

reared and plunged into the devouring fire, and there ended his agony

One of the persons saved, in describing the scene, says : — “The air was filled with shrieks of agony and despair. The boldest turned pale. I shall never forget the wail of terror that went up from the poor German emigrants, who were huddled together on the forward deck. Wives clung to their husbands, mothers frantically pressed their babes to their bosoms, and lovers clung madly to each other. One venerable old man, his gray hairs streaming on the wind, stood on the bows, and stretching out his bony hands, prayed to God in the language of his father-land.

“But if the scene forward was terrible, that aft was appalling, for there the flames were raging in their greatest fury. Some madly rushed into the fire ; others, with a yell like a demon, maddened with the flames, which were all around them, sprang headlong into the waves. The officers of the boat, and the crew, were generally cool, and sprang to lower the boats, but these were every one successively swamped, by those who threw themselves into them, regardless of the execrations of the sailors, and of everything but their own safety.

“I tried to act coolly — I kept near the cap-

tain, who seemed to take courage from despair, and whose bearing was above all praise. The boat was veering toward the shore, but the maddened flames now enveloped the wheel-house, and in a moment the machinery stopped. The last hope had left us — a wilder shriek rose upon the air. At this moment the second engineer, the one at the time on duty, who had stood by his machinery as long as it would work, was seen climbing the gallows-head, a black mass, with the flames curling all around him. On either side he could not go, for it was now one mass of fire. He sprang upward, came to the top, one moment felt madly around him, and then fell into the flames. There was no more remaining on board, for the boat now broached round and rolled upon the swelling waves, a mass of fire. I seized upon a settee near me, and gave one spring, just as the flames were bursting through the deck where I stood — one moment more, and I should have been in the flames. In another instant I found myself tossed on a wave, grasping my frail support with a desperate energy.”

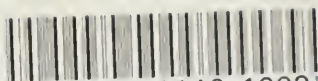
One of the not least interesting facts connected with the catastrophe, was that the helmsman was found burnt to a cinder at his post! He had not

deserted it even in the last extremity, but grasped with his charred fingers the wheel. His name was Luther Fuller. Honor to his memory!

A boy of twelve years of age, named Levi T. Beebee, belonging to Cleveland, Ohio, was among those saved. He exhibited a degree of self-possession and fortitude rarely surpassed. Though molten lead from the burning deck was dropping on his head, and his hands were scorched by the flames, he clung for at least two hours and a half to the chain leading from the stern to the rudder



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